EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

Record of Christian Work

A Magazine for the Parlor and Study

Volume 47 November 1928 Number 11

Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ! Ephesians 5. 20.

Religious Thought and Activity

The "New Era" of Parker, S. D., a weekly newspaper, commenced to reprint the Bible 22 years ago. It has just completed the job, according to a press report.

"Why do the people in America do these things? Why do they love us so much?" plaintively asked a middle-aged leper woman as she broke down and wept in a leper mission. "Our own people, my father and mother, just cast me away when they knew I was a leper."

The annual American Red Cross Roll Call this year, to enroll members for 1929, will be held as usual from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving, November 11 to 29.

The American Red Cross, with a membership of more than four millions and an additional Junior membership of six millions, has become the recognized agency of the American people for extending service to humanity. Its work is supported through the membership dues secured once a year during the Roll Call.

It will be remembered that Dr. E. Stanley Jones of India was sent to South America, following the quadrennial M. E. Conference held in Kansas City last May, to exercise his evangelistic gift at various points in that continent. It is with gratitude, therefore, that we read a letter from Buenos Aires in "Zion's Herald" which says:

"E. Stanley Jones is here, and doing the mightiest piece of work for God this Latin world has ever known, and also for the rest of us. God bless him! God bless us all!"

Eight English missionaries went to Egypt and the Sudan in 1899. In the more than twenty-eight years since then not one of them died or even had a serious illness until this past summer, when there occurred the death of Canon Gairdner of Cairo. He was not only outstanding as a missionary to Moslems, but was one of the greatest living Arabic and Islamic scholars.

Bishop MacInnes of Jerusalem and Bishop Gwynne of Egypt are two others of the eight.

The Approved Workmen is the name of a new Romanist lay society instituted in the diocese of Brooklyn. Its object is to carry forward the intensive individual impetus to a higher life, and to give each member a prescribed course of instruction over a period of two years which will not only ground the members in the faith, but also qualify them to instruct others. An adaptation of the forum idea is also part of the plan.

By this means it is hoped to spread increased religious intelligence among the Romanist laity in step with the renaissance now in progress in the United States.

We wonder if the name of the new society was derived from 2 Timothy 2. 15?

The Albanian Mission conducted by Rev. and Mrs. Phineas B. Kennedy with headquarters at Kortcha has operated hitherto under an advisory committee of prominent Boston Christian men. The Kennedys now feel that the mission should be taken over by some missionary board in order to secure its continuity and expansion.

While they are drawn to the American Board, if this board will not accept the mission it is felt that the Protestant Episcopal church might find the field most harvestable since the majority of Christians in

Albania are members of the Albanian Orthodox church, formerly included in the Greek Orthodox church.

We gave this mission a write-up in these pages a few months ago, with a picture of a new building. A missionary family has been found to join the Albanian mission, their support for at least a year being promised by Mrs. Milton Stewart of Los Angeles.

The New York Bible Society has presented to Commander Richard E. Byrd for his Antarctic Expedition eleven Bibles and 60 copies of the New Testament. The Bibles are in good type, and it is designed that a copy will be in each place in the Antarctic where a number of men may be located. The New Testaments, one for each man of the Expedition, are a small vest pocket edition, India paper, and in clear large type. All the books were lettered in gold on the outside, "Byrd Antarctic Expedition."

When the men are in the far South, far from all civilization, reading matter will be at a premium.

A letter from Commander Byrd addressed to the New York Bible Society is as follows:

"I am deeply grateful to the managers of the New York Bible Society for their offer to present our Antarctic Expedition with a number of Bibles.

"The suggestion that a number of small individual ones be taken along is most agreeable, and I want to thank you for the kind sentiment that prompted you to think of presenting them to us."

Federated churches numbered 361 in the Federal Census of 1926. A federated church is one made up of two or more denominational organizations or units, each maintaining a separate membership and perhaps other separate activities. The federated church acts as one body, however, in holding religious services, and usually in the maintenance of a Sunday school and in social activities. Their number must have appreciably increased since 1926 as the movement is a practical solution of over-churched communities and those where some of the churches are run down with no hope of revival. Especially is this true of rural areas, and the census of 1926 shows its value in two directions:

First, 301 of the 361 federated churches were rural, leaving only 60 urban;

Again, Vermont had the largest number of such churches of any state,—40. Vermont is a state of no large towns, but mostly villages. The policy of the federation of Congregational and Methodist and Baptist churches as occasion offered has been consistently pursued in that state for some years.

Massachusetts was second in 1926 with 36 federated churches, and New York third with 31.

The Hymn Society of America has announced through its president, Dr. Milton S. Littlefield, that the society's award of one hundred dollars for the best music to its prize-winning "Hymn for Airmen" has been given to David McKay Williams, Mus. D., organist of St. Bartholomew's Church, Episcopal, New York.

The contest was for a tune for the words of a hymn for which the society recently awarded a prize to Miss May Rowlan of Eastbourne, England. More than eight hundred tunes were submitted.

An interesting coincidence is that a tune submitted by Miss Lily Rendle of Eastbourne, England, was characterized by such unusual worth that the judges awarded it a second prize, although such an award had not been offered. Miss Rowland, the winner of the contest for hymn words, lives but a mile from Miss Rendle, but the two had never met until they were informed that both were prize-winners.

We have secured permission to reprint the two prize tunes. They will appear next month.

Why have certain Africans remained a child race? The question is answered by Rev. W. Josselyn Reed of Cape Mount mission station, Liberia, in the "Spirit of Missions." He gives three reasons.

First, the sun. In the tropics, he says, the actinic rays of the sun produce a chemical reaction in everything. The vitality is taken out of timber. A man's blood is thinned, his vitality weakened, he loses his pep, his upward progress is held back.

Next, disease. Two severe attacks of malaria will incapacitate a white man, and the African is not immune to malaria: nearly all are affected. If, as has been said, the

mosquito was one cause of the degeneration of the Greeks, may it not have been one factor in retarding the native African?

Third, the bounty of nature. The white man in the temperate zones has been forced to hustle for food supplies for summer and winter, to move out to new lands as numbers increased. The African, however, has a bountiful soil, and has never been forced by climatic conditions or increasing numbers into a progressive civilization.

It must be remembered that Africa is producing some great men. The African has great possibilities. Schweitzer has said:

"With regard to the Negroes I have coined the formula, I am your brother, but your elder brother!"

A wider union of churches than the denominations have yet seen seems to have been brought nearer by meetings of a joint committee held in Bangalore, South India, from June 29 to July 4 last, including the Wesleyan church with 14 representatives, the South India United church with 13, and the Anglican church with 12. The South India United church is a union of churches that grew out of British and American missions of Presbyterian, Congregational and Reformed affiliations.

The three communions have been negotiating for some years. Starting with the fact of oneness in Christ, agreement has been reached in committee on fundamentals of union. They accept the Old and New Testaments, the two creeds, the two sacraments. In matters of polity and order a constitutional episcopacy is recognized, with an understanding about the status of ministers ordained before and after union. On the other hand, the rights of fellowship with other bodies with which they have hitherto been affiliated is accorded to the several bodies negotiating.

Fine spirit has been manifested throughout the conferences, and while plans have still to be submitted to the separate churches for adoption a hopeful feeling prevails. The result would be a united front of the evangelical forces in South India, escaping the present handicap of explaining the differences that exist between the denominations.

Second International Hebrew-Christian Alliance Conference.

The first international conference of Hebrew Christians met three years ago in London as (in a sense) an experiment. There were present two delegations from two national Alliances, England and America, together with a number of other Hebrew Christians. But the conference was so promising that a second gathering was called, and met in Hamburg, Germany, last July.

> Almighty God, who alone givest wisdom and understanding, inspire with thy Holy Spirit all to whom thou has committed the responsibility of government in the nations of the world! Give them the vision of truth that by their counsels the nations may work together in true brotherhood, through Jesus Christ our Lord! Amen.

This was attended by men and women representing 12 well established national Alliances, in addition to other Hebrew Christians from countries not yet organized, 153 in all.

Sir Leon Levison of London was elected president of the International Alliance three years ago. In recognition of his great interest and personal effort he was unanimously reëlected president for another term.

The gathering at Hamburg lasted a week. There were meetings for addresses and papers on appropriate themes, public meetings when these Hebrew Christians preached and gave their testimonies, special meetings in several languages for the Jews of Hamburg, and other forms of activity.

A delegate who represented the National Hebrew-Christian Alliance within Soviet Russia told of the loyalty of Hebrew Christians there in spite of the poverty which is often their lot, and the atheism and godlessness with which they are surrounded. There is no official persecution of Jews in Russia now.

Romanist Bid for the Near East Churches.

It would appear from the pope's recent encyclical on the return of Christian sects in the Near East—Greek Orthodox, Syrian, and other churches,—that the Catholic Near East Welfare Association is a vehicle of Romanist propaganda. According to press reports from Rome the pope "has actively aided the work of the Catholic Near East

Association, especially its gifts to sufferers from famine, epidemics and earthquakes. Cots in hospitals bear the inscription, 'Endowed by the Holy Father,' and every effort has been made to have tangible and generous charity coincide with the work of missionaries." In other words, the welfare work has contributed largely to Romanist progress in that area.

The association is said to be supported principally by contributions from the United States. The pope referred in the encyclical to "a pious gentleman of the United States of America," without naming him.

Pope Pius XI has more than once urged Christian unity within the fold of Rome. A special group of clergy capable of dealing with the Oriental churches has been trained at Paris, Louvain and Lille.

In the encyclical the pope called upon the dissidents to consider carefully the advantages which Christianity in the Orient had received from the Roman church. The encyclical concluded that these efforts "will serve to enlighten the dissidents and make them see how much the Roman church appreciates, conserves and defends true orthodoxy. It will make prejudices disappear and conduct them to the one flock of Christ under the one shepherd."

Giving Old Words New Meanings.

The Bulus had no word for God. They had a word, "Zambe," signifying an immortal spirit that created man and the gorilla, then went far off and left them to shift for themselves. So this name was used for "God" in the translation. The wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness, truth and mercy of the Supreme Being as revealed in the Bible gave to "Zambe" a new and larger personality, "and the Bulu soon came to recognize and appropriate a new spiritual entity under the old name." Thus was the four-inch pipe enlarged to take the full stream of the Word.

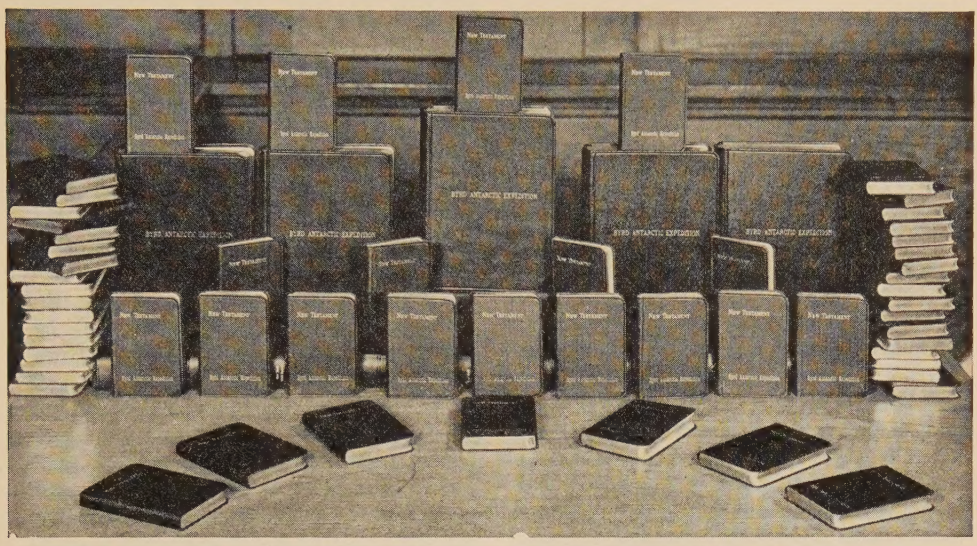
Since the Bulus had no equivalent for "saints," the translators simply said "bôt ya Zambe," people of God, and these common words began to acquire an enlarged meaning.

They had no term for "conscience." They did have a quaint expression, "mone môt ya nlem," "little man of the heart." So these pointed words are used in the Bible translation, and the Bible gives the little man of the heart an authority over daily conduct that he never before possessed.

Think of the difficulties of translation when the native language contains no word for "book," no word for "bread," none for "church" or "wolf" or "moth," since these things themselves are unknown! The words, "Their hearts are as wolves," would mean nothing to the Bulu, but he immediately understands when you say, "Their hearts are as leopards." He is not troubled by moths, and it would be beside the point to warn him not to lay up treasures where moth and rust corrupt. But the "bibiam," hard little insects equipped with tweezers, do destroy his property, and the lesson immediately goes home when it reads, "Do not lay away goods where bibiam and rust eat." Thus extreme literalness, while strictly adhered to in most cases, must sometimes be sacrificed in the interest of fidelity to the real significance of the text.

A curious example of how misleading a literal translation can be occurs with reference to the word "serpent." "When a son asks for a fish, will his father give him a serpent?" inquires Jesus. Our mental answer is a horrified "No!" The translators knew, however, that the Bulus eat snakes and regard them as a great delicacy. "A Bulu boy," says Dr. Fraser, "would be more pleased at receiving a snake from his father than at receiving a fish, for thus he would not be bothered by bones and scales, would get more meat from a snake than from a fish of the same size, and would enjoy the meat and skin fully as well as those of a fish. The point and force of the illustration obviously require that the earthly father shall be represented as giving his son something good,—not only good, but better than some other thing which he avoids giving, else God's willingness to give the Holy Spirit to those who ask would not be set forth. A fish is not better than a snake to the Bulu, but it is better than a centipede. Accordingly, 'nsanelete,' 'centipede,' instead of 'nyo,' 'serpent,' is used in the translated text, and the Bulu at once understands, reading or hearing thus, that as a father gives his loved son a fish, not a centipede, so, and much more than so, God is willing to give his Holy Spirit to those who ask."

These few examples may slightly suggest



Bibles for the Byrd Antarctic Expedition. (*See page 642.*)

the immense labor that is necessary—wise, patient, loving labor,—before millions of homes are opened to the Bible.—American Bible Society report.

FAMINE IN CHINA.

China is now in the grip of one of the most terrible and widespread famines it has ever known. Ten millions are starving, we are told. Thousands are wandering aimlessly about the country, eating bark, roots, or dried grass. Thousands more are emigrating northward to Manchuria in hope of finding food. In this great trek many die or are deserted by the wayside, including many children, who are not always cruelly left, but whose parents have themselves died. Others seek to save their children by selling them: the price is a dollar apiece.

An appeal for funds is being made by two separate organizations, the China Famine Relief National Committee with headquarters at 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and the Association for the Welfare of the Children of China with offices at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City. While they have a common cause, these organizations undertake distinct phases of work. The China Famine Relief seeks to prevent the breaking up of families by employing the able-bodied members of the refugee families on public improvements such as river dykes, roads and irrigation projects, thus helping to make the recurrence of famine less likely. The Association for the Welfare of the Children of China seeks to help feed, clothe and educate orphan and other dependent children in the famine and war districts for useful careers as citizens of China, thereby aiming to produce human dynamics who will strive to prevent famine in coming years.

The China International Famine Relief Commission has headquarters in Peking and branch committees and administrative officers in 13 provinces. The Child Welfare Association of China has headquarters in Shanghai, and coöperates with several Welfare Homes and other Christian agencies in the famine and war areas.

The Association for the Welfare of the Children of China is an interdenominational association, whose treasurer is that widely-known Presbyterian layman and philanthropist, William A. Harbison. The chairman of the executive committeee is Mr. Hugh R. Monro of New York, a Presbyterian elder long associated with Christian activities. Other honored names are listed among the directors and advisory committee.

The National Child Welfare Association of China, composed of a number of China's outstanding leaders, and of which Dr. H. H. Kung, minister of Industry and Commerce in the Nationalist government, is chairman, has been organized to undertake a program of child welfare in China.

China is in desperate need. These agencies are in touch with agencies in China that can translate money into immediate relief. Any sum sent to the addresses given above will be gratefully received.

A CHALLENGE FOR A NEW EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM IN MEXICO.

Rev. Samuel Guy Inman, D. D.

The present situation emphasizes as never before the oft repeated statement that only by education can Mexico solve her problems. But the trouble is so little is done to educate! At the close of the Diaz régime it was estimated that 75% of the population was illiterate. The revolutionary movement has made herculean efforts, and in the last few years the Department of Education has made almost superhuman advances. I have seen these miraculous transformations personally, and have taken every opportunity to describe them. But the government, with all the other problems before it, cannot do enough. As President Obregon said to me, Mexico is so far behind that she cannot afford to follow the ordinary development. These must be telescoped into a few rapid processes.

Fortunately, we have a historical example of how it can be done. When our own Southern states found themselves, following the Civil War, overwhelmed with the educational problem, and passions and politics as well as poverty prevented a sufficiently prompt mobilizing of educational forces, outside help was given. Great private funds like the General Education Board, the Phelps-Stokes, the Jeanes, the Rosenwald and other Funds so supplemented government aid that education was advanced in double quick time. Help was given especially by contributing directly to the public school funds, employing experts to visit schools and give friendly advice, building normal schools, paying the way of teachers to institutes, grants in aid to struggling rural schools, and backing great industrial institutions like Hampton and Tuskegee. Even European agencies helped. At first these efforts were crude and often offensive to the South, but both the North and the South learned to coöperate, and the Southerners have come now to be large contributors. By holding conferences for education in the South all parties have come to a beautiful fellowship in the common cause, and today more educational commissions go to visit Southern institutions from various nations than in any other place in the world.

What has been done in the South can be done in Mexico, with similar good results for all concerned. Mexicans of ability ought to volunteer help. But so also ought Americans, for the greater part of all Mexico's wealth is in American hands.

A few years ago an effort was made by President Dabney of the University of Cincinnati, President King of Oberlin, and others, with representative Mexicans, to found an American-endowed university emphasizing industrial courses in Mexico City. Yet the plan failed because it could not get support. Leading Mexicans favored such a plan when assured that it was purely a goodwill project, entirely free from any industrial, political or ecclesiastical propaganda. Such assurances must always be made clear. The Mexicans are rightly a proud people, and I for one would favor nothing that could be thought of as a cultural invasion by the Yankee.

The present time for such a serious movement of a neighbor to help Mexico is the more propitious because of two reasons. Those reasons are Calles and Morrow. Calles is a school teacher with the educational attitude. Since my last long talk with him I have entire faith in his ability to guide Mexico. Morrow is the first ambassador we have sent to Mexico that is sufficiently wise, sufficiently understanding, and sufficiently devoted to the development of Mexico's masses rightly to befriend such a movement. Let us follow our spontaneous nationwide tribute to the young aviator Carranza, who died to cement the friendship of our two nations, with a great practical demonstration of brotherhood that will reverberate throughout the Americas and the world!

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Some new aspects of the struggle in Mexico in things religious are revealed by a missionary in the neighboring country of Guatemala after a visit in Mexico.

It is known that the Roman Catholic church is in open hostility against the law of June 21, 1926, which prohibits any foreigner

from engaging in any form of religious propaganda, requires that all church property belong to the state, forbids services in homes or rented halls, forbids the religious press mentioning politics, divorces the church from the schools, and in other ways restricts religious activity. The Romanist hierarchy ordered priests not to obey the law, hence for the most part their churches are closed. Mass is at times clandestinely held in private. A powerful Romanist rebellion in the state of Jalisco is unsuppressed. A fanatical movement or association of anarchist or assassin character has for slogan, "Viva Cristo el Rey," "Let Christ reign king!" This is guilty of civil insubordination, vengeance or fanatical demonstrations, attacks upon evangelicals, criminal and bloody acts.

A schismatic movement for an independent Mexican church lacks conviction and life.

Protestant missionaries have put the work in charge of native pastors, and serve as helpers: but it is felt that distinctively foreign missionary work in Mexico cannot continue under the present law.

Such sects as spiritualists, theosophists, and the like are thriving. They evade the law by organizing as philosophic societies, and gather in many whose thirst for the supernatural was formerly satisfied with miraculous images and other devices of Rome.

BIBLE CONFERENCES IN THE ORIENT.

Encouragement and Progress in China.

FRANK S. BARLING, CHEKIANG.

In the city of Juian there took place recently an event which would put to shame all those who have belittled the work of missions in China. Here, in a city well known for its anti-foreign attitude in the past, a beautiful church and buildings were recently opened and dedicated to the glory of God, and for the preaching of that gospel which alone brings peace and goodwill to men.

The weather was all one could desire. The air was charged with the atmosphere of praise. "All things bright and beautiful" joined in a note of praise and an act of worship to the everlasting Father for his love and care.

> We make earnest supplication, O Lord, for the stablishing of social justice and international friendship; for the liberation of oppressed peoples; for the uplifting of the downtrodden and the enslaved; and for the enlightenment of those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death!

The pathway to the church was transformed into a beautiful archway of green waving bamboos and lengths of red cloth. The interior of the foursquare church was a mass of color. Large lanterns, bright red scrolls, with the glowing, freshly-painted red and gilt platform and pillars made a royal picture.

The climax was reached when from the mouths of 400 grateful men and women who crowded the church the Doxology ascended as prayer and praise to him who is above all, blessed forever. After the dedication service all efforts were centered in proclaiming the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The vision of years was realized only by great efforts and sacrifice on the part of Chinese Christians. The planting of this permanent witness during a time of trial should be a lasting rebuke to those who doubt the sincerity and faith of Chinese converts.

During the past six months I have received more requests for Gospels and tracts than I have ever had during my 13 years in China. The two B. and F. B. S. colporters are selling on an average 1000 Gospels a month. 26,000 Gospel portions have been distributed by these and other zealous workers. The street preaching chapels in Wenchow, Juian, and T'a-jung cities have been open all the time, and the evangelists tell of good opportunities. The opposition to direct evangelistic work has entirely ceased, and everywhere there are encouraging indications that the future will be full of hope as far as this part of missionary work is concerned.

Additions to the churches have been made about the average of past years. Converts continue to be anxious to publicly confess Christ in baptism.

Perhaps the most interesting as well as helpful event of the past few months was the conference for Chinese workers held

here May 28 to June 6. Apart from the initial arrangements, these 10 days of meetings were managed by the local Chinese leaders. Speakers and leaders at every meeting were Chinese. It was in every detail a Chinese conference.

Rev. Chia Yu-ming, a well known spiritual leader of no mean order, was the principal speaker. Mr. Sha, a young man of 25, was an evidence of what a consecrated young man of China could do for his Master and his country. This was the first time in China that I have heard from the lips of Chinese the precious messages of self-effacement, and death of the self-life, and life in Christ through his life. From the first meeting right through to the end there was one predominant note, "Not I, but CHRIST." Mr. Sha led us to the throne of grace each morning at 6 a. m. His short talks on prayer gave us a deeper realization of the need and power of prayer. Each day our Methodist friends joined us, so that as many as 150 workers gathered three times each day. Pastor Chia spoke pointedly to the preachers each morning concerning their own individual fitness for the work of the ministry. Hearts were searched, motives laid bare, and all were brought under the searchlight of the Word as the Holy Spirit spoke to us through his servant. Pastor Chia also gave some fine Bible Readings each afternoon. From these addresses it was easy to see how carefully he had studied the Word. He is a master-teacher, besides being an intellectual student of the Holy Scriptures.

Whether in address or Bible Reading the one preëminent note was sounded,—spiritual success only follows spiritual work. Emphasis was put upon living a life faith upon the Son of God. Each evening Mr. Sha dealt with many great fundamental doctrines in a clear and solid manner. Whilst an interpreter was necessary owing to the difference of dialect, the addresses never lost their power, meaning or spirit.

Much prayer must follow these meetings, that where no definite blessing was in evidence, yet God's Holy Spirit will so strive with every worker until in all corners of the district showers of blessing will fall, and a revival burst forth in every village and town.

The Northfield Idea in Korea.

REV. HARRY A. RHODES, D. D.

For the third successive year a General Conference for Christian Workers has been held at the Chosen Christian College under the auspices of the National Christian Council of Churches, the college coöperating in the management and expense. With a beautiful 200 acre wooded campus three miles from the city of Seoul and with its splendid plant it is the desire of the college authorities that a number of conferences on the Northfield plan be held at the college each summer. This year a Christian Endeavor Conference will also be held.

The General Conference for Christian Workers was attended this year by over 200 people, including 50 women workers. There were present Korean church leaders from all parts of the country. Among them were 50 pastors, which is one-ninth of all the Korean pastors of both the Methodist and Presbyterian churches. There were in attendance also 18 elders, 12 deacons, 11 class leaders of the Methodist church, and 7 local preachers, —helpers, as they are called in Korea. Each day a hundred people, including nearly all the leading pastors of the city, came out from Seoul to attend the conference.

The conference was in session eight days, including Sunday. About 130 delegates from the country paid all their own expenses, including travel, board, and the conference fee. Two college students made mimeograph outlines and excerpts from all addresses, and sold them to the members of the conference at 15 cents per copy. Three other students were present each day and furnished a fine program of music.

The program was carried by eight Korean leaders and four missionaries, but in point of hours the Koreans carried 27 to the missionaries' seven.

The first and devotional hour was carried by Rev. In Kwa Chung. He is a Presbyterian. After several years' study in the United States he returned to be assistant general secretary of the Sunday School Association of Korea. Mr. Chung is in demand everywhere as a speaker by all classes in the church. In the conference he based his talks on the experiences of the Israelites coming out of Egypt.

The Bible Study hour was taken by Rev.

Pill Kun Chai on Micah. Mr. Chai is a graduate of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of Pyengyang, and later of the Imperial University of Tokyo: since when he has been professor of Philosophy in the Union College of Pyengyang. He is one of our brilliant Korean leaders. He had the most difficult task of the conference, and for a week held his audience of over two hundred in eager study of the message of one minor prophet.

The subject of the third hour was "Present Day Theological Thinking," and was the church in Korea were discussed by prominent Korean leaders.

In two addresses Hon. Chi Ho Yun, who was a baron under the former Korean government, and who is probably the most outstanding Christian leader in Korea, spoke of the work of the Korean church, referring in particular to the relation of the church to the present distress in economic conditions of the country. Mr. Yun is a graduate and an LL. D. of Vanderbilt University. He is much in demand as a speaker on all public occasions.

General Conference for Christian Workers

held at the Chosen Christian College, Seoul, last July, under the auspices of the National Christian Council. The tower in the rear is that of Underwood Hall, a recitation building. The building on the left is Stimson Hall, the administration building. That on the right is Appenzeller Hall, science. There are now 250 Korean young men in the Literary, Commercial, and Science departments. The president is O. R. Avison, M. D. A statue of the late Dr. H. G. Underwood, founder and first president of the college, stands in the quadrangle in the center. Both the statue and the steps on which the group is seated are gifts to the college by Korean friends.

divided between Rev. In Yung Kim of the Union Methodist Theological Seminary of Seoul and Rev. L. George Paik, Ph. D., of the Biblical Department of the Chosen Christian College. Both these men have had recent training in America, and not only are exceptional speakers but are scholars capable of discussing the subject assigned to them, which they did effectively, much to the delight of their hearers. In their conclusions they always came out at the right place, holding up Christ as the center of all our hopes in the gospel.

During the next hour certain problems of

Dr. P. O. Chough, a graduate of Columbia University, who is now professor of Sociology in the Chosen Christian College, gave one address on the church's relation to the social order. At one point in his address he was explaining how hard it was for him a Korean to pray for the Japanese, although he ought to do it, when a Korean policeman in the audience yelled out. At once the air became electric. This incident indicates the danger line near which we always are in public meetings in Korea.

The evening meetings were addressed by missionaries. H. H. Underwood, Ph. D.,

spoke for two evenings on the practical application of psychology to the church leaders' work, particularly in the matter of securing and holding attention. Rev. S. Lautenslager, a Presbyterian U. S. A. missionary from China who has been working temporarily in Korea the past year, gave an inspiring address on "Winning the Young People to the Church."

A great attraction to the members of the conference was the coming of Dr. George S. McCune, who after seven years as president of Huron College, S. Dak., has just returned to Korea. He gave two evangelistic addresses. Before going to Huron he had been a missionary in Korea for 16 years. It would be hard to overstate the joy of the Koreans upon the return of Dr. and Mrs. McCune.

The chairman of the conference committee, Dr. Rhodes, gave opening and closing addresses on "Reawakening the Korean Church Evangelistically." Throughout the conference there was a spirit of fervent prayer that was manifested frequently.

This brief account will indicate the high order and the variety of program of the conference. As one delegate in his remarks of appreciation said, "his head ached because he had tried to take in so much." Will the members of the Northfield constituency pray for the Korean church, that the summer conference plan may develop and bring great blessing to thousands of Korean church leaders?

BY WAY OF SUGGESTION.

One church's invitation: Pray come—come pray!

"We cannot spell S CCESS without U!"

The above has been frequently used in church calendars. One popular way is to sketch it in big letters with a stylus on a mimeograph stencil, so that it stands out big in the midst of typewriter type.

The work of the Biola Evangelistic Bands in China has been the means of taking the printed and spoken Word right into the homes of the people. Twelve evangelists have gone out two by two in all kinds of weather, taking with them the "wonderful words of life." Every home in a certain area is systematically visited, and the people are invited to the preaching hall to hear the gospel. After one district is completely worked in this careful way, the Band moves on to the adjacent district.

This work is under the superintendence of Dr. F. Keller of the Hunan Bible Institute. At present there are 14 of these Bands working in different provinces of China.

In the space of a year or two every person in a given county has the opportunity of hearing about God's plan of salvation. Weak members are helped, definite conversions are realized, and in many places real enthusiasm in the Christian religion has been created. This was our Lord's method of work, and it has proved to be the most fruitful.

"These days we need to scatter broadcast. See what the tobacco firms do,—great publicity, widespread advertisements! We should do the same for our Master. There is a great future for this land, but we need millions and millions of tracts and posters." —Frank S. Barling, Chekiang.

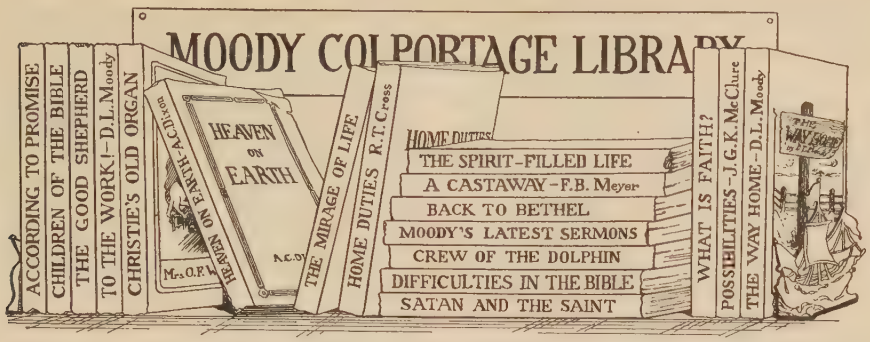
Rolled Bandages Wanted!

More than a million American women rolled bandages and made surgical dressings during the Great War. "Why not carry on for the lepers?" asks W. M. Danner.

The war against leprosy is not over, although the American Mission to Lepers is bending every effort to secure the world co-operation of governments, of scientists, and of all intelligent and considerate people to put an end to this age-old menace. While the wheels are turning to bring about these large results, the intimate needs of the destitute lepers in rescue stations in twenty countries must not be overlooked. One of the greatest of these needs is for bandages.

To stand by a doctor's side and watch the number of dressings required for even one patient makes one wonder just how a missionary doctor manages 12,000 miles from "Johnson and Johnson," and with insufficient funds to buy dressings locally, even if they could be obtained. Yet they do manage, and incipient cases of leprosy are being cured, and the suffering of incurable cases is being eased, and the sound bodies of little children of lepers, who fortunately do not inherit leprosy, are being safeguarded in separate Homes.

If these doctors, serving without special



compensation and handicapped by lack of equipment and trained assistants, are willing to carry on, the women of America who lead in so many good causes will surely be willing to help them!

Strong bandage material for outer dressings can be washed and used again and again. Any firm cotton or linen cloth is suitable for this. Old sheets or table linen are excellent, cut into 2-inch strips, rolled, and fastened with that great national instrument, the safety pin. Even the pin will be used. It will sparkle like a brooch while it holds together the edges of a shawl pinned across the pain-racked shoulders of some leper recipient of your generosity.

If you are willing to prepare a parcel of bandages or merchandise material, let the American Mission to Lepers send you the address of a medical missionary to whom you can ship direct by parcel post! Write for a free circular, "Material Gifts for Lepers," to W. M. Danner, general secretary of the American Mission to Lepers, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

A Book-a-Week Club.

Dr. Wm. H. Stewart of Baltimore has organized what he calls a Book-a-Week Club. His attention was called to the books of the Moody Colportage Library, and he purchased a few. As he read them, he writes, "something seemed to keep saying to me, 'Pass them out! Get others to read them! Pass them on.'" He spoke to his pastor, to some of his neighbors, and to his three sons about the plan. They volunteered to help. They now call at the homes of the people each week, show the books, and loan a book a week to those who are interested. The only requirement is that each one write his or her name in the book when they have finished reading it. By this plan they are placing 25 to 30 books each week, but expect to increase the output shortly to 60 or more a week.

Good results are reported from this ministry. One lady said "she was so full of those books that she felt like getting her pastor to talk from them and tell the whole congregation some of these stories."

A colored student read "How to Pray." Afterwards he said that since reading "How to Pray" he did not wonder that he had received so few answers to prayer, for before he had never known how to really pray.

A little Roman Catholic girl heard another girl tell Dr. Stewart how much she enjoyed reading the book she had received. She looked at the books so wistfully that Dr. Stewart asked her if she would like to read some of them. Her face lighted up as she replied:

"I would love to!"

He loaned her one. Both the girl and her sister read it. It was then passed on to a family where the father was a drunkard. It finally came back with three signatures.

This work of Dr. Stewart in Baltimore should stimulate many others to organize Book-a-Week Clubs in their communities. Send for 25 of the Moody Colportage Library books, and loan them to your neighbors and friends! You can have them delivered by parcel post for only $5.00. Address the Bible Institute Colportage Association, 843 North Wells Street, Chicago, for particulars.

Cheerful Letter Exchange.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange is an activity of the General Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women. It was established in 1887, and developed by Miss

Lilian Freeman Clarke, its object being to send reading matter and helpful letters to invalids and lonely people in every part of the country; to help those who live far from schools, churches and Sunday schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence.

Helpful suggestions are given mothers in the care and training of children, and groups of mothers living in remote places may be furnished with kindergarten materials.

Libraries of not less than 50 books are sent to communities without public libraries. Reference libraries and supplementary reading for permanent use have been placed in schools. In some cases traveling libraries are also supplied. Through the coöperation of the Massachusetts Bible Society requests for Bibles are honored.

A Book Club committee cares for requests for books, papers, magazines, postcards, and scrapbooks.

The unique work that gives the society its name is fostered by the "Cheerful Letter Magazine," a monthly which binds the volunteer workers together, reports progress in the work, and carries messages of cheer to its readers.

Boxes of reading matter are sent to lumber camps, hospitals and homes, to soldiers and sailors, and scrapbooks and envelopes of clippings to sick children and invalids, by committees of Alliance women.

The secretary's annual report for 1927-8 makes a fine showing. The Home Study department had 90 pupils, to whom 841 books, an unrecorded number of magazines, and countless clippings were sent. The story of some of those pupils is thrilling. Subjects from cooking to commercial law were undertaken.

The Library department has 239 libraries in 31 states, besides the Philippine Islands, the Virgin Islands, and India. Last year 8028 books were put into circulation.

All along the line the Cheerful Letter Exchange is doing a maximum of good through the friendly coöperation of Unitarian women. The secretary of the Exchange is Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass.

Christmas Boxes for Foreign Fields!

After reading an article in "Regions Beyond," written by a Mrs. Speed and telling about the clothing and other things they find most serviceable on the Congo, we felt that it contained suggestions that many people in America might be glad to know, adapting them of course to the various fields in which we of the missionary home constituency are interested. Your board can furnish you with suggestions similar to these, with names and addresses of missionaries who will be glad to receive articles. Christmas presents and boxes ought to be dispatched forthwith to reach their destinations in time.

There is a constant demand for boys' suits, Mrs. Speed says; "and when we speak of 'boys' we mean any male between the ages of 14 and 25. We are continually having boys sent in from the village schools for training in our Teachers' Training Colony, and after they have spent some weeks on the station and proved their worth they expect to receive a suit of clothes. These first weeks are often looked back on by the boys as weeks of shame, because they possessed only a little bit of cloth. Often they are disappointed at the end of their probation period to find that the white Mama has no suit to give them, the supply having run out.

"Never shall I forget the day two little Tamudjumbe lads stood on our verandah with only a loincloth about their waists. They had come with Bayola, the evangelist in charge at Tamudjumbe, to see the wonderful place Ikau, which they believe Tamudjumbe will soon be like. By the expression on their faces I knew something was wrong; and not being able to understand their language (theirs being different from that spoken at Ikau,) I asked Bayola to interpret.

"'Oh,' he said, 'they say since coming to Ikau and seeing everyone wearing clothes, they feel shame itself!'

"I don't think I ever wished so earnestly for a supply of garments as I did that day. All I could gather together was a few remnants of material, which when pieced together made two of the finest patchwork suits I've ever seen. What changed faces, a few days later, when I made the presentation!"

A "suit" is not trousers, waistcoat and jacket, but rather a simple magyar jumper and shorts. They are best made of a strong

material, and the colors most appreciated by the lads are khaki, blue (of any shade), white, grey, and striped materials.

Bags made from little remnants of cloth are suitable for holding Bible and hymn book. They should be made 9 by 6 inches, and are best made with a draw-tape or cord at the top. These bags are highly valued by the boys and church members.

"Wednesday afternoon brings a procession of proud mothers with their little brown bundles to the Baby Welfare Class, and the white Mama in charge of this particular class is just as proud as the mothers if she has a little piece of soap for each little one, and a good supply of vests for the tiny tots who have completed ten attendances. Then, too, there are always new babies arriving, and it is a joy to us to be able to send them on their first day's journey in life clothed in a wee woolly vest."

These vests are made in various sizes, from the legs of woollen stockings.

A supply of girls' frocks of different sizes is always gratefully received. These may be made of any remnant of cloth, but thin materials such as voiles and silks are not suitable. A plain magyar style of frock is the most useful.

Where there is a sewing class for the girls and women, gifts of odd pieces of cloth, cottons and needles, will be acceptable.

Miscellaneous articles such as exercise books, pencils (ordinary and carpenter's), soap, erasers, belts, cheap envelopes, trouser buttons, Bible wall pictures of all sizes, etc., are useful as rewards in school and on sports' day.

All of which shows that simple useful everyday articles have increased value in distant lands.

THEY DREAM OF A HOME, A CHRISTIAN HOME!

Herrick B. Young.

In front of a roaring fire in one of the dormitory studies of the American College of Teheran, Persia, one evening two young men sat musing. One was a young Persian, a graduate of the mission school, a convert from Islam to Christianity, who had been working in one of the government offices for several years after completion of his school course. The other was a young American instructor, the exponent of Western education and civilization to his companion.

"Do you think I could ever have a home like that?" asked Abbass, the young Persian, turning from his dreams in the flames to look directly at the American. They had been talking about a recent visit made by Abbass to the home of one of the American missionaries in a nearby village.

"Of course, I've read about the freedom of the women in Europe and America, and

Interior of a well-to-do Persian home.

I've seen the American ladies teaching and playing tennis just like the American men here, but I never really realized how you lived until I had dinner and spent the evening with the Smiths in Hamadan," he continued.

Knowing that Abbass planned to be married within the next few months, the young American realized that the idea was a practical one as far as the young Persian was concerned.

"Why couldn't you have a home like the Smiths? They were living in an ordinary

Persian house and eating Persian food, weren't they?" he countered.

"Yes, that was the remarkable thing about it," Abbass replied. "I went into the wall-enclosed garden through the usual sort of gate. There was the ordinary water reservoir in the center of the court with a few trees and flowers growing around it. The house, as you say, was of the customary one-story architecture, with room opening off from room in single file. But there the similarity ended."

"How did it differ from the house where you were born?" asked the young American, eager to hear the contrast from the lips of the young native.

"In our house the women and children all lived by themselves in one part of the house, while the men lived by themselves. When the men wanted the women to serve them in any way they bellowed for them, or clapped their hands. Then the women came scuttling to see what was wanted. My father only had two wives, but he had three temporary wives. I remember that they and my eighteen half-brothers and sisters were all huddled there together until a disease came and nine of my half-brothers and sisters died. Then there was more room.

"In the Smith home things were not like that. Mrs. Smith and the children were allowed to go anywhere in the house, and more than that, they seemed to know something about the things Mr. Smith had been doing during the day. We children at home, and the women, too, never knew anything about what the men of the house did, and wouldn't have thought of talking to them without their first talking to us, anyway.

"One of the children had not been well in the morning. Mr. Smith knew about it and asked about little Bobby as soon as we came in. My father never knew when any of us were sick, except when we cried too much, and then he ordered our mothers to give us some opium to keep us quiet.

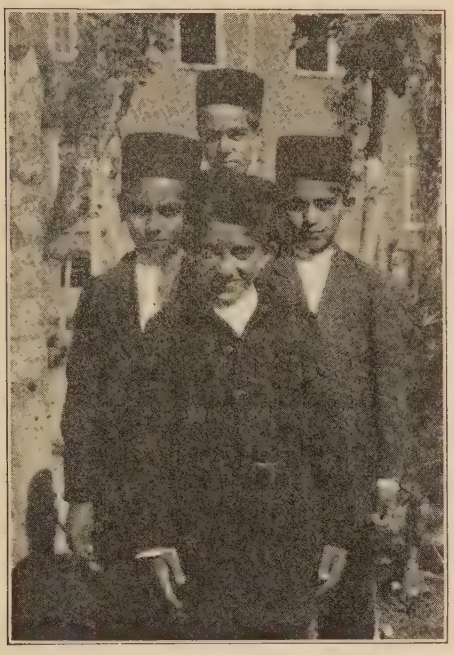
"Of course I was embarrassed when we first sat down at the table, for I hadn't eaten your way since I left the dormitory. I soon got over that, though, and was much interested in the way the table conversation ran. As you said, the dinner we had was 'pillau' (rice and meat or vegetables), 'sangack' (flat, unleavened bread) and 'shirini' (Persian sweets)."

Knowing that Abbass was to marry a young lady who was a graduate of the mission school for girls in Teheran, our American confidant felt justified in encouraging the young Iranian to try to develop a Persian Christian home.

"And you really think Parvin and I might have a home like the Smith home in Hamadan?" asked Abbass as he got up to go. "I want you to come for tea a few months after we are married and tell me whether you think we have succeeded. It will be quite all right for you to come, for you know Parvin is a Christian, too."

Six months went by. Abbass and Parvin were married. Their little home was started. Finally they decided they were ready for the visit of inspection,—for so they felt it would be. The invitation was sent. The young instructor pulled the bell at the gate and entered the garden. Glancing around he saw the usual mud walls and water reservoir. Entering the room he found Abbass beaming with the joy of hospitality, and Parvin, perhaps just as smiling but with her smiles hidden behind the "chudar" (drapery) which she instinctively held over her face.

Looking around the room the American saw first of all four straightback chairs, set stiffly two on each side of the room. The Persian has a keen sense of proportion, and insists on balancing exactly even the furniture in the room. Tea tables with the inevitable glasses of tea, little plates of sweets and nuts, and a plate of fruit stood before each table. Moving his chair out from the wall a bit, to relieve the formality, the young man began to chat, at the same time letting his eye wander around the room. Even a masculine eye detected certain feminine touches. White curtains at the windows showed that Parvin had remembered some of her courses in home economics. Before his eye could roam farther he was astonished to see Abbass anticipate a desire of his wife and call the servant who was hovering in the background. This may not seem remarkable to the American reader, but to one who has seen the wife always in the rôle of the servant and the husband always in the master's part, it was indeed worth noticing. Soon the formal stiffness relaxed, and the three were chatting away, Parvin having forgotten her early embarrassment. They laughed together over some of the entangle-



At the Teheran American boys' school.

ments they had gotten into in trying to work out their home life, much to the bafflement of the servants.

When the time for departure came the young American could congratulate the couple on making a real start in the direction of having a Persian Christian home where coöperation was the order of the day.

It is only through the establishment of such homes that the kingdom can really come in ancient Persia. Men and women may hear of the teachings of Christ. They may profess a real interest in these teachings, at least while they are in the mission compound. Boys and girls in the schools may learn of Christ and his gospel of love. They, too, may avow their intentions of living a Christian life. But when evening comes, and men and women, boys and girls return to a home where the old order rules, there is little wonder that they slide back into the old ways themselves.

Through the dormitories of the boys and girls' schools an especial opportunity is given to the missionary to really show by his example and his 24-hour precept what a Christian life means. Young men and women who have become interested in Christianity in the schools come and ask for admission to the dormitories that they may be strengthened during their formative years in the principles of honesty and uprightness. But generally the dormitories are full. The American College of Teheran, with a total enrolment of more than 700, has room for only 70 students in its dormitories.

Many of these dormitory students are brought by their fathers when mere youngsters of seven or eight years. "We want you to bring them up. We want them to get away from their mothers, who will teach them vile and evil ways of life," say these fathers, some of them having traveled many days across the deserts and plateaus of Iraq.

And only through the education of the manhood of the land will such a condition be remedied. Abbass will never have to send his children away from home to get them away from Parvin. Instead, she will mean much in their development, as mothers do in our own land. The daughters of Parvin and Abbass will be sent to school themselves so such an indictment can never be given against them. And so will come the kingdom of God in Persia!—"Outlook of Missions."

CURRENT THOUGHT.

Says an Indiana church bulletin board: "Train up an automobile in the way it should go, and it will not depart from the Lord's House on the Lord's Day!"

The best way to preserve the American principle of separation of church and state is to refrain carefully from voting either for or against a given candidate because he is a churchman or a Roman Catholic or a Quaker or a Jew. That would seem to be an elementary principle of good citizenship. —"Living Church."

We have spent so much time and thought on the training of shepherds and collies that the sheep is the dumbest animal on the face of the earth. We should have intelligent sheep if we gave them time and thought. Train the children! Spend ten dollars a week on a trained kindergartner instead of on a cracked tenor! Children ought to be clearly grounded by the age of eight or nine.—Rev. Samuel W. Grafflin.

I hold no brief for the missionary. I am not even religious in the orthodox mean-

ing of the word. . . . . But I have known missionaries, and have observed the results of their labors in every great field of evangelistic endeavor from Persia to Polynesia, from the Congo to the China Seas, and it irritates and angers me to hear missionaries and their work condemned and derided by persons who are speaking from malice, prejudice, or ignorance.

I am a roving writer, and my job takes me to the four corners of the earth. That's why I can speak first hand about missionaries.

It has often seemed to me that no class of public servant—I use the term in its broader sense,—has been so persistently maligned and so generally misunderstood, as the missionary. . . . . Yet though maligned, misrepresented, miserably underpaid, often desperately lonely, frequently facing death, ... he has pursued the tasks assigned him with a courage and devotion which merit the admiration of every right-thinking man and woman.—E. Alexander Powell in "American Magazine."

Psalter of a Missioner in China.

Psalm XI. In Domino confido. Quomodo dicitis animae meae, In montem sicut passer transmigra?

In China sparrows are trapped for food, and the trapper has often seen them fly away out of reach to the lonely hilltops. And a man sorely tempted yearns to flee in like manner away from trials. Pressed on all sides by the glamor and bustle of the world, he seeks peace in solitude.

But the missioner's trials are the very opposite. Tramping the sparsely settled hills with Christians few and far between, the lonesomeness of his position tries his soul. Caught by nightfall in a pagan village without a chance to say Mass in the morning, he measures his puny strength against the multitude of unbelievers. Then it is good to say, "In the Lord I put my trust," and reflect that the Lord's throne is in heaven, that the earth and all therein are under his watchful care. It is when we are most abandoned by men that we realize God's nearness, and the silence of our lonely journeyings helps us listen to his voice.—Francis X. Ford (Roman Catholic) in "Commonweal."

Are There Other Mothers Like This?

Where to strike a balance between parental discipline and parental love and sacrifice is a problem that faces every conscientious and thoughtful parent. One does not wish to be harsh, yet one should not be overlenient and over-considerate.

A writer in the London "Evening Standard" said that the child of today gets, and expects to get, the best parts of the chicken while the parents take the rest. One who signs herself "A Horrified Daughter" wrote the paper that this remark touched her on the raw, "for I know from a recent experience how deep a truth is concealed behind that slightly whimsical utterance. A short time ago it became necessary to take my dear mother to see a medical man, who told me bluntly that starvation was the cause of all the trouble.

"Starvation! In the midst of plenty!

"Yes, and he meant it, too!

"'Go home and watch!' he advised me, and I took his advice. I found that a system of profound unfairness was being shamelessly accepted by all of us. The best of every meal was dealt to us. Mother helped herself last, when the juiciest of the steak had been handed to father (yes, to father), and other portions served around to a fastidious family with the usual ideas about fat and lean. The last remnant of meat was mother's share.

"It was the same with everything we ate, and not one of us had noticed it!

"In the matter of comfort, too, it is significant that the best place by the fireside is occupied by father's chair. Mother's is on the draughty side, near the door. The excuse is that she is 'always up and down.'

"Now that my eyes are opened I could multiply instances like these, and I am determined to put my foot down and stop it. We daughters do not want the wing of chicken. Mothers must be taught that unselfishness breeds nothing but selfishness,—and that's that!"—From "Public Opinion."

The chief end of consecration is a soul-winning manifestation at home and abroad. —Briggs.

I thought that Christ had given me birth
To brother all the sons of earth.

—John Masefield.

Editorial Briefs.

"There were no Baptists among the original settlers of Australia a hundred years ago," said an Australian delegate at the Baptist World Alliance convention at Toronto.

The joker lies in the fact that Britain used Australia as a penal colony at the first.

* * * * *

The value of a godly minister to a town is not always recognized and affirmed, but a case is noted in an exchange which voices a pleasing sentiment.

A trustee of his church went to see a business man, not a member of the church, to ask for a gift to the church served by this devoted leader. The man said he regarded it a privilege to help, and added:

"I feel that this town is a safer place in which to live because that godly man walks our streets!"

* * * * *

The moral elation evoked by the Great War produced many social upheavals, among them a willingness on the part of the high-born to do the most menial tasks for the cause. The following incident is going the rounds, and will be timely in view of the 10th anniversary of Armistice Day this month.

A nurse in a military hospital said to a man in uniform passing through her ward:

"Will you please get me a pail of water that I may wash this floor?"

"I am a captain in the army, and carrying water is not in my line,"—or something to that effect,—was the reply of the uniformed individual.

Drawing herself up to her full height and looking the captain in the eye with a calmness that held his attention, the nurse replied:

"I am a duchess!"

She did not wait long for her pail of water.

* * * * *

Reports of missionary boards give little idea of the varied activities of those on the mission fields, whether at home or abroad. It is from personal letters, and often by reading between the lines, that we in the homeland can picture the demands upon the time and energy of the workers.

Thus in a letter from Mrs. Dan Crawford in Congo Belge there occur these words:

"I am terribly busy these days with the sick and dying. Flu has got such a hold of the whole district."

It is but a laconic hint of the engrossing duties of a medical missionary in time of epidemic among natives ignorant of the simplest principles of dealing with contagion. One has only to remember the overtaxed labors of medical men in the homeland in a time of serious epidemic to realize the conditions implied in this brief reference.

In Mrs. Crawford's case there are also the general administrative and educational and spiritual duties of her position to be attended to. Surely the least we at home can do is to provide generously of means for those who give their lives to fulfil the Great Commission!

* * * * *

It is hard for those who have always enjoyed the power of written language to realize the full magic of the written word.

On Dr. Erwin Richards' second morning in Africa he was working on the packing boxes and wanted a saw. With a pencil he wrote on a piece of board:

"Give the boy the saw!"

He gave the board to a Tonga lad, and told him to take it to Mrs. Richards. It was the first written message the boy had ever known. He went off holding the board at arm's length as if fearing that some of the "medicine" would fall off.

He found Mrs. Richards, and standing up straight and holding the board level gave it to her. She glanced at it carelessly, dropped it on the ground, and gave him the saw. Completely mystified, the boy carried the saw at arm's length back to the missionary-magician, who said to him:

"Little fellow, what are you thinking about?"

The lad stood erect, looked the missionary straight in the eye, and said:

"White man, I want some of that medicine!"

He got it. So did all his people, for Dr. Richards did not stop until he had placed the gift of written language and the power to read the Bible in the possession of the Tonga tribe, in the southern part of Portuguese East Africa.

Rich in a Day!

Mrs. Charles S. Warner, Texas.

We had moved West after we married. My husband was a Methodist minister, a circuit rider, driving 14 miles one Sunday and preaching twice, and driving 25 miles the next Sunday and preaching three times. As that was long before the days of Fords, he drove a span of ponies to an old buggy, and did not get back until Monday the week he took the long drives.

While I had not come from a wealthy home I had come from a comfortable one: one where skimping and pinching were unknown. Always plenty of everything in the pantry. Sugar and flour by the barrel. Green coffee by the fifty-pound sack, to be browned on Saturday, never on Sunday: for you see I was raised in a Methodist home as well. Meat and lard in the smokehouse the year round. A big bunch of chickens (sometimes turkeys,) in the backyard, and acres of wood for the cutting. I had never come face to face with want.

Our salary, which was small enough to keep one humble, came to hand usually like a tardy schoolboy with unwilling steps and slow, paying by the quarterage plan. Every three months the congregation was supposed to make an extra effort and bring all monies up to date. Between times it was "slim pickins," and even at quarterly meetings there were often disappointments. I am truly glad that this policy has gone the way of the saddle bags, and the ministers of our church are now supposed to be paid in full each month.

The parson drove away one cold winter Sunday morning, leaving baby and me alone in our little three-room cottage. Too severe weather for a delicate baby outside! Our wood was low, the flour was about out,—we all baked our own bread in those days,—and all other supplies were low in proportion. The family purse showed one lone thin dime. We knew it was lonesome, for it had been by itself for a few more days than it counted in cents.

My husband had said he thought there was enough stovewood to keep the house warm until his return. He was taking the long drive to McIntire Creek. There was still one four-foot length I could have cut into short lengths, should he be delayed on Monday.

After he was gone my battle began. I was alone,—a good time for an attack. I thought of all the comforts in the old home. I could see the fat hogs in the pen, waxing fatter for the killing, the "beef cow" feeding on yellow pumpkins against her day of execution, the milk cows in the barn lot (we were eating our oats at breakfast with a little sugar and water, and we didn't relish it much,) the chickens running hither and yon, and the turkeys gobbling, and just over the hill more than fifty acres of great trees, enough to warm an army it would seem. Then the devil—I still believe in the Bible devil, modernists to the contrary notwithstanding: he was so much alive that night, and I've never heard of his demise,—told me I was going to starve, and our baby, our firstborn, our pride, would take cold and die for lack of comfortable warmth. I prayed. What do folks do in a crisis who have never been taught to pray? The enemy would retreat only to return again and again, the subtle beast, to annoy me. The battle waged most of the night, but finally my faith triumphed, and I slept peacefully and securely, resting on the promises of God.

The next morning it was snowing, but I went about my simple daily tasks serene and happy. Finally I put the last stick of wood in the stove, and sat down with our little son on my lap.

A knock at the door arrested my attention. On opening it I saw a boy from the country whose father was a member of our church. The boy handed me a five-dollar gold piece, saying it was "quarterage." His father thought we might be needing it. I thanked him with a full heart.

Five whole dollars! A wonderful bit of shining gold! How I would surprise the "little minister," as he was frequently called, for like Zaccheus he was small of stature. Some likened him to Barrie's hero.

Again I sat by the fire with that precious baby in my arms. It was snowing more furiously now. Another knock at the door, and this time it was Brother Simkins, our next door neighbor, to inquire if there was

anything he could do for me. I spoke of that one stick of wood, and asked if he would cut it into stove lengths, as I was anxious to keep the house warm. He replied:

"Why, didn't you know Howard Bales drove up the alley an hour or more ago and unloaded a big load of wood in your back-yard?"

No, I didn't know: there were no windows on that side of the house. As Brother Simkins turned away, figuratively speaking, I shook my fist in the face of the old enemy who had annoyed me so much the night before, and sat down to pleasant thoughts.

Just a little later the parson came in, looking like a real sure-enough Santa Claus, smiling as usual. In the crook of the left arm he carried a large jar of honey, and in his right hand a great chunk of beef, fifteen or twenty pounds, tied in a cotton flour sack.

Later, as we sat by the fire and I was thinking it was the psychological (pretty high-sounding word for a minister's wife!) moment to spring my surprise, my husband forestalled me by putting his hand in his pocket and taking out a silver dollar (it was the day of silver coins), exclaiming:

"Isn't that the biggest dollar you ever saw?"

It certainly did look big in comparison with that small dime we had been cherishing so long.

Before I had recovered from my astonishment he threw another dollar in my lap, and so continued till I had twenty silver dollars in a shining heap. Then I, not without emotion you may be sure, produced my gold piece, and we were rich indeed!

We have never accumulated much,—ministers rarely do,—but I feel that if we would suddenly and unexpectedly come into possession of a million we would feel no richer or get no bigger thrill than we did that cold stormy day in Kansas near forty years ago, with the jar of honey, the chunk of beef, the load of wood, and the twenty-five dollars. We were indeed rich! Prayers of thanksgiving and praise ascended from that humble parsonage, and Satan hid himself.

The Ministry of Sanctified Remembrance.

An Armistice Day Memorial Sermon.

The Late Rev. J. H. Jowett, D. D.

I call to remembrance my song in the night. Psalm 77. 6.

This psalm is the perplexed outpouring of a troubled heart. It is like the piteous cry of a wounded bird. All the psalmist's circumstances are rough and jagged, and his sensitive soul is torn like a sheep entangled among thorns. Tragedy hems him in on every side. All his familiar supports seem to have yielded to the pressure of necessity. He has no foothold on the slippery ways. It is like walking among earthquakes. The national life is convulsed, and menace and disaster are everywhere. And to national grief must be added private sorrow: there are springs of bitterness at his own house door. And so to this man it seems as if the once homelike world had become an orphanage. It is like a nest of fledglings forsaken by the parent birds. God has gone away! "Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favorable no more? Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? . . . . I am so troubled I cannot speak."

What does he do in his bewilderment? Where does he turn? He turns to roads already traversed, and he journeys again through old experiences,—"I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times." He walks the famous roads of history, and he reads the memorials which recount the exploits of other days. In vivid remembrance he recalls rough times in his own yesterdays, seasons of tempestuous weather, when going was fearfully difficult, but when by God's grace he got through, and came out of storm into sunshine and peace. Yes, he takes a walk through his own past, and he visits old wells of inspiration. He goes back to a bit of road where the darkness was thick, but where God's stars came out and turned the night into promise of day. He remembers it all. "I call to remembrance my song in the night. . . . . I will remem-

ber the words of the Lord. Surely I will remember thy wonders of old! I will meditate also of thy work, and talk of thy doings!"

And so this man makes his yesterdays minister to his needs today. He borrows light from old lamps. He warms his cold hands at ancient fires. He uses his remembrance to bring fuel to the fires of hope. He recovers the song of long ago, and he sings it again today. It is the sanctification of remembrance.

"His love in times past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer
I have in review
Confirms his good pleasure
To help me quite through."

Well, this psalm, this fragment of ancient literature, is far more than a faded record of "far-off things and battles long ago." The thing is alive. There is in Edinburgh, carefully guarded, an old sheepskin, with a prepared surface but of rough and undressed shape, and on this sheepskin the old Covenanters signed their names to the solemn League and Covenant. Some of them opened their veins and dipped their pens in their own blood, and here and there on the sheepskin you can still see the faint color of the life that was given to record their vow. And there are bloodmarks in this psalm, and anyone with eyes to see may see them. The thing is quick and alive, and it is nervously related to the throbbing life of our own time.

We Too.

For we too are face to face with days of confusion and disillusion. We try to weave things, and the threads snap and break, either because they are rotten or because of our rough and irritable handling. We thought we had lit splendid beacon fires that would blaze for our guidance through all the coming years. Some of them are already burning low, others have gone out, and the beacon pans are cold and empty. We have talked of new worlds, and we have fondly imagined they would be born in a day. We sang of new Jerusalems, and we hoped that the radiant city would come with the speed of an Eastern dawn. We lived on the assumption that Utopias would become our commonplaces. We talked as though by the touch of a magician's hand the crooked would be made straight and the rough places plain. All we had to do was to squeeze the life out of our foe, or grip him by the throat, and hold him by the grip, while at the same time his pockets were emptied, and the rest of the world could march into an Eldorado of plenty and peace!

Today is appointed a day of remembrance. It is three years since the Armistice was signed, and today we are going back to hear the bells ring again, and to feel the lightness and the brightness of that wonderful day. On that day of goodwill we all cast aside our reserve. Hearts came out of their hiding. Neighbors became neighborly. Stranger met and accosted stranger as though they were old friends. For the terror had gone out of our life. The hawk had fled from our skies, and the birds came out to sing. The day of jubilee had come. And today we travel back across the years to recover its inspiration, and to refresh our sense of its sacred triumph. "I call to remembrance my song in the night."

And so our nation is visiting its yesterdays. What shall we visit in our sacred retrospect?

Our Graves.

First of all, let us visit our graves, and lay upon those graves a wreath of loving and grateful remembrance!

Let us recall our boys by name! Let us name them tenderly! Aye, let our hearts be broken anew, and let us find a fresh relief in tears! For if we keep our hearts soft and tender we shall be ready for the burden of the years. The hard heart has no endurance which can compare with the strength of the tender heart. It is amazing what a wounded heart can bear. Hearts that retain a gentle sensitiveness are fountains of wonderful sacrifice. But our sorrow becomes our enemy when it dries up our tears, and makes us hard, and turns us into cynics, and converts the fountain of sweet waters into one of bitterness. And so let us, in making our journey to our yesterdays, first pay a visit to our graves, and kneeling there let us hold our boys in blessed remembrance! They were the appointed ministers of our deliverance. They held the tyrant at

bay. They sapped his trust, they broke his strength, and in his overthrow they pledged the freedom of the world. Brethren, their sacrificial blood runs in the vital currency of the human race! Their lives still labor in the upward travail of mankind. Let us visit their graves, and lay upon them flowers of holy gratitude! "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; and there's pansies, that's for thoughts!"

Our Old Ideals.

And let us visit our old ideals!

Have we forgotten them? Or are they partially eclipsed? Are those ideals like guideposts that have almost lost their lettering? Are they like night-signs whose lights have become dim? I suggest that we get quite near to them and read them again. In our conflict we had some wonderful words emblazoned on our banners, and we believed in them. I don't think we were hypocrites, inwardly laughing at the splendid legends we carried on our flags. Well, let us go back and read them! Let us read again the speeches which were made at the beginning of the conflict! On this day of remembrance I for one will go further back than the conference at Versailles, when the old diplomacy overbore the new simplicity, when the light-fingered experts of European politics outmatched the slower men who came laden with their dreams. I will go back beyond all this to the visions of the dreamers, and in their ideals I will still catch the light which is to be the hope of the human race.

Let us go back to our ideals! What was our ideal of freedom? What was our ideal for the liberated races? What was our ideal for all peoples who were still in bonds? What dreams had we for our own land? What were our visions of the reconstructed life of our nation? Let us recall the things we contemplated, and what things we were going to do! There was to be a more just distribution of all good things. There was to be more space and freedom for all folk to stretch their faculties and their limbs. The fabric of the ordinary day was to be threaded with new strands of hope and aspiration, and it was to be rounded off with a lovely bright margin of refined leisure and recreation. We dreamed of garden cities, and better houses, and more beautiful homes. And did we not write on our banners, "A land fit for heroes to dwell in"? And some of us had dreams of a sober England, with the tyranny of drink broken, and the public-house transformed, and men and women finding their stimulant and exhilarancy in the high land of their consciousness, and not in the low fens and swamps of the flesh. Yes, we dreamed of all this, and they were dreams worth dreaming. And on this day of remembrance I would have us pay visits to our old ideals and dreams, aye, and dream them over again, and recover their light and inspiration. They were our pillar of cloud by day, and our pillar of fire by night. Have we found anything better? I urge that retrospect should mean recovery, and that we should rekindle all these beacons of our hopes.

The Old Altars.

And while we visit our honored graves, and our great ideals, let us also visit the old altars!

It is a great experience to visit an old altar, to kneel again at an old trysting-place where God and your soul met in vital communion. This psalmist did it in the days of his confusion: "I call to remembrance my song in the night." He recovered the past experiences. He had been through troubled ways before, and he had sought the Lord, and the holy altar had blazed with the light of the divine presence. "I will remember the works of the Lord: surely I will remember thy wonders of old! I will meditate also of all thy work, and talk also of all thy doings." He was paying a visit to old altars.

Do you remember the days of prayer and consecration in the early weeks of the war? Do you recall the state of the churches in those days? The earth was shaking. There was a tremor as of earthquake, and no one could foretell the issues of the convulsion. Perhaps it was fear that drove us to the altar. Perhaps it was that grim sense of uncertainty in the movement of gigantic forces whose size and fashion the world had never seen before. And we fled for refuge to the altar of God. Aye, our footprints are there before the altar, and many are the footprints of feet not accustomed to tread that way. In our distress we cried unto the Lord.

Well, are those altars forsaken? Have we kept those home fires burning? Or are the altars cold? Are they like the remnant of a bonfire after a night of rain? Is the altar cold, and wet, and neglected, and are the fires out? On this day of remembrance let us visit the old altars, and relight the fires of prayer, and praise, and aspiration! "Come, and let return unto the Lord!" Let us visit our altars, and so bring the warmth of a new consecration into the otherwise chilling circumstances of our troubled day!

What Memory Can Do.

Sir William Hamilton used to say that memory is the conservative faculty. And so it is. Memory roams through the fields of past enterprise, and it gathers the harvest of the years. Memory is one of the loveliest gifts of God's bountiful grace. Memory brings the distant near. It carries the color and fragrance of gardens long since withered and dead. Memory recovers the springtime of our years. It opens anew the happy days when love was at its birth, all the fairy ways and magic coverts of that wonderful season when life clothed itself in raptures and dreams. And in the fellowship of memory we can retread those fairy ways, and we can hum its poetry amid the prose of later years. With memory's aid we can live over again our struggles and our triumphs, we can shoulder our crutch and show how fields were won.

Yes, memory is the conservative faculty. It is a kind of Ruth among the faculties, gleaning in the fields of yesterdays and garnering its findings for the life of today. But memory is more than the conservative faculty. If it be rightly used memory brings oil to the lamp of our hopes. If you wish to feed and brighten your hopes, take a turn with memory along the highroads of the past, and carefully study the memorials of God's dealings with his people as you will find them recorded on the way!

That is what John Bunyan, that expert in the business of the soul, that is what he does with his pilgrims. He sends them along the way of great remembrance, and thus strengthens their feet for the road. Shall I just give you a peep of his pilgrims reading the stirring memorials on the road?

"This is the place. On this ground Christian stood, and up there came Apollyon against him. And look, did I not tell you, here is some of your husband's blood upon these stones to this day! Behold, also, how here and there are yet to be seen upon the place some of the slivers of Apollyon's broken darts! See also how they did beat the ground with their feet as they fought, to make good their places against each other; how also with their by-blows they did split the very stones in pieces! Verily, Christian did here play the man, and showed himself as stout as Hercules could, had he been here, even he himself."

And there is my point, that while memory is the conservative faculty she is also one of the prime feeders of hope. To walk through memory's sunset air prepares us for the morning air of new dawns. And such will be the outcome of a wise use of this day of national remembrance. Retrospect should lead us to a finer prospect. Great yesterdays should nourish our faith in greater tomorrows. To visit the way of divine providences should give us the rapture of the forward gaze.

There are cheerless souls who are always warning us against building castles in the air. I always notice that these gloomy counsellors are themselves busy building dungeons in the air. And if I am to make my choice between castles in the air, with rooms full of light and magic wonder, and with spacious windows fronting wide domains, and dungeons in the air, with no light and no outlook, give me the castles all the time! And as for them being in the air, why, every building is in the air before it is reared upon the ground. It is created in the airy palace of the architect's brain before it is embodied in wood and brick and stone. And believers in Christ Jesus are looking for a city whose architect and builder is God. "And I saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, lovely as a bride." It may be only a vision, but I will cherish it. It may be only a castle in the air, but its buildings are to be erected for the home and life of men. And some day, some day, the last stone of the lordly, lovely pile shall be laid with shoutings, crying, "Grace, grace unto it!"

The meaning of trial is not only to test worthiness, but to increase it: as the oak is not only tested by the storms, but toughened by them.

The Ceaseless Battle.

Rev. Clarence A. Barbour, D. D.,

President the Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, Rochester, N. Y.

Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world. 1 John 5. 4.

From time to time, for more than a decade, it has been my privilege to stand in the pulpit of that great Christian warrior, the late Dr. Theodore Cuyler of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn. He once said that the highest ambition of any Christian preacher should be to hold the light behind the transparency of some great verse of Scripture. And he was right. What a mistake preachers make by using cheap topics! Sometimes I am ashamed of some of my brethren when I read certain topics announced for the following day in the Saturday papers.

This is one of the war verses of Scripture. Not always are the heroes of the Bible men of peace. David, Peter, Paul,—these were not men whose lives flowed on in peaceful current.

When Robert Louis Stevenson was a little boy, with that quaint literary genius which so early began to manifest itself, he said to his mother:

"When I grow up, if there are any good wars I propose to attend them!"

There are no good wars but one. Except that one, all wars are hideous, hateful and criminal. They destroy property and human lives. They maim and cripple fine human bodies. They rob the future. They leave a train of devastation, of blighted homes, of passion, cruelty, prejudice and hate, from which the world never fully recovers. There is a kind of glamor about war which grips us unless we are careful, in spite of ourselves.

There is one good war, and that is the war upon the battlefield of the human heart and life between the good and the evil. "That which is born of God overcometh the world." The mightiest battles are not fought with guns and submarines and poison gas: the mightiest battles are spiritual, and the greatest of them all is the constant battle between the good and the evil.

There are two fields whereon that battle is waged. Of one of those fields I speak this morning,—the battlefield of the individual personality. I want to guard myself by saying that I believe in the social gospel, the gospel which has to do not only with individual salvation but with the salvation of society. In my judgment there is no rounded conception of the gospel which does not include its social message, but I am speaking this morning of the message to the individual.

There is no more striking fact than the possibility of the presence of the life of God in the personality of man. This is a materialistic age, but men are swinging around more and more, with no minimizing of the importance of science, to a new insistence upon the fact of the spiritual. We believe many things which we cannot fully understand, both in the realm of the physical constitution of the universe and in that of the nature of man.

What do we know about flower life? Here is a rose: what do we know of rose life? We know shape, and color, and fragrance, and that is all. In other words, we know rose life in its manifestation. That is true of spiritual life, which follows the new birth. Paul says that the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control. These are to the spirit life what form and color and fragrance are to rose life. When the center of our nature changes from self to God, when the Spirit of God comes into these lives of ours and begins to transform them, we are born again. So much for the expression, "born of God."

What about the second factor in the battle? It is the world which is in conflict with that which is born of God. What is the meaning of "the world"?

Sometimes it means the world of nature with its trees, and grass, and flowers, and sunshine, but not here. Here it means that fact—or that combination of facts—in the individual life which lifts itself in that life against God and against the highest possibilities of the human personality. The world may be one thing to you and another to me. The heart knows its own bitterness, and it knows its own battle. "The world" for you is that thing in you which lifts itself in you against God and against your own best self.

There is absolutely no person in this room, unless one who allows himself to drift down

stream like a dead fish, who has not in him the world in some form. I will not pause upon the grosser forms which the world takes, though they are plain enough to anyone with open eyes and ears. Among these grosser forms are the appetite for liquor, the appetite which finds satisfaction in sexual impurity, the passion for gaming,—than which there is absolutely nothing which more quickly and more surely eats out the moral fiber. I remind you this morning of other forms to which reference is not so often made.

There are some good people who flatter themselves, because they are free from certain indulgences, that they are therefore unworldly people. How about the world when it takes the form of covetousness,—a form of which the Bible says that covetousness is idolatry, and that the love of money is the root of all kinds of evil, so much so that they that are minded to be rich fall into a temptation and a snare, and many foolish and hurtful lusts, such as drown men in destruction and perdition?

Sometimes the world takes the form of an exaggerated love for amusement, so much so that devotion to the serious matters of life is destroyed. It is not an impossibility that our country may yet reach the condition of the old Roman state when the cry was for "Bread and games!"

Sometimes the world takes the form of ingratitude, so that life becomes a selfish and sordid thing.

Let us search ourselves and find out what is the real ambition of our lives, what is the thing which we are really after! If we get it, will it be worth the getting, or will it be to us "the world," of which the apostle John says, "The world passeth away, and the desire for it"? Near where we are now gathered there is the last resting place of one upon whose memorial stone is written, "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

In some form, in the life of each of us, the ceaseless battle is going on. Which will win in that battle, that which is born of God, or the world?

The American Indian.

D. P. Reed.

Acclaiming adequate education as the only hope of her race, and pleading for justice and the saving of the oldest known American culture, a native American Indian, Princess Ataloa, spoke before the delegates of the Northfield Woman's Interdenominational Home Mission Conference in July.

A number of songs interpretative of the life of the early American Indians were sung by Princess Ataloa before her speech. The American Indian, although the earliest American and one of the founders of the Constitution of the United States, has been treated more as a foreigner than those who have come to the United States from other lands, Princess Ataloa stated.

Her speech follows in part:

Few people know much about the American Indian. First, most of the histories are written by and from the white man's standpoint, and are naturally biased. And too, it has been hard for the people of the world to understand the American Indian because of the difference in language. There are over 500 tribes or remnants of tribes in the United States, that speak 58 different languages and over a thousand dialects.

It has been hard for the white man to get next to the Indian's heart because he did not always come with a true heart himself. The Indian has been tricked and fooled so many ways and times by the white man. Of the 300 treaties signed between Indians and the government all have been broken by the government. The only treaty that was ever made and not broken by white men was an unwritten treaty made by William Penn.

Few know that the Indian had something to do with the making of the Constitution of the United States. When the men who wrote that great document were preparing material for it, they had observed that among the Northern League of Indian tribes there was such splendid government and order in their council that they went to them asking them to write out their moral and legal codes in order that they might incorporate them into the Constitution of the

United States. The Indians did this. The original document is preserved in a museum in New York City. But it does seem rather a queer turn of fate that the document written a century and a half ago incorporporating some of the Indian ethics and ideals should deny citizenship to those first people of America until less than five years ago, when it guarantees life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to any one who may come to America for five years or less.

The Indian has never been conquered. He has been subdued and pushed back. The reason they brought Africans to the United States was because the American Indian was too proud to be enslaved. He would die sooner.

The warfare of the Indians has always been on the defensive. Most any one would fight for his home if it was being taken from him. I could go on and recount many chapters of United States history that are a blot on American history. But there is no bitterness in my own heart, or rebellion, for I realize that the glory of the Indian is in the past, and in the future so far as he will fit himself to meet the demands of the white man's civilization. Assimilation with other races is inevitable, and education is the Indian's only hope for the future. But my plea is for adequate education, and when I say adequate, I mean one that will fit him to meet the problems of his community or reservation, and one that need not be at the expense of his own background and culture. For the Indian has something to contribute to American culture, in fact, the only American culture we know of in the way of music, art, and religion.

His culture has survived for many centuries, many thousands of years before the white man came. If I have any resentment it is in seeing our own culture go and the new come in,—a new culture which we do not know will last.

The Indian is essentially religious. While he believes in a Great Spirit, an all pervading god he sees nature all one with the power that he does not understand but worships. When he prays to the sun, the moon, and the stars he worships these as the symbol of the all-great power. He calls animals his brothers, the winds and trees sing and speak to him in a language which he understands as coming from the great power. Into all his music he puts the same spirit of contact with the powers above him. He has hunt songs, love songs, corn-grinding songs, medicine songs, planting songs,—in fact, a song for everything and he has his own song-keepers and legend-makers who carry down the traditions of his race.

Your Coöperation Sought!

The fall is the time when free subscriptions to this magazine, to workers in foreign fields mostly, need to be renewed. We would therefore seek the coöperation of our readers once again. Never have we asked their help in vain, and it is with confident expectation that we place the appeal before them now.

Throughout the year many have written us from far distant lands expressing appreciation for the help derived from the **Record of Christian Work** in the personal life and in their work. Often articles and addresses are translated for the benefit of native workers, and thus the influence of the magazine is extended to the uttermost parts of the world,—from Patagonia to Alaska, from the South Sea Islands to the teeming millions in China.

As heretofore we would welcome a multiplicity of small donations rather than to count on the munificence of a few. Thus prior commitments may not suffer in the home church, and the sympathy and interest of the many may be enlisted. We can profitably use five hundred contributions of five dollars each, a thousand of two dollars each, and two thousand of one dollar each.

Let us quote from a letter on our desk at the moment! It is from Rev. Harry A. Rhodes of Korea.

"As a mark of appreciation of the **Record of Christian Work,** which we have received for years through your Gift Subscription Fund, I am sending you for publication the inclosed article and photo. This is our 20th year in Korea, and during most of that time we have been blessed with a copy of the **Record,** which I have used personally and many times in my work. The whole Northfield plan has been an inspiration to me. Some time, I hope, we may live there during part of a furlough period."

Evangelism in India.

Mrs. Henry Scudder.

Our evangelism is chiefly carried on in three places,—in the schools among the children, in the homes, and on the streets.

A year ago last Christmas I received a letter from a Biblewoman who lived ten miles out from the station where I was living, asking me to please come and see her soon. I had been to see her within a month, but there was something in that note that would not be denied, and I went that day. I asked her if she was in trouble, and she said:

"Oh, no! I want to talk to you about a little girl in the school here."

There was a little girl in the school who was a child widow. Her parents were of the oil-grinding class of people. She was married when she was six, and her husband had died when she was nine. She had never seen him except when she was married. She was now eleven, and condemned for the rest of her life to a widow's existence. She could not cook in her mother's kitchen as she would defile the food; she could not sit at the table with her parents as she would defile them. She was allowed to go to the school in the village: it was not a mission school, but a government school. The government gives scholarships for Hindu child widows.

This little girl had been going to school, and no one was interested in her work. Her mother had discovered that one of the Hindu men teaching there was trying to lead her astray. Her parents longed to keep her, so they told her story to the Biblewoman. It is interesting to find how often they come to Christians in such cases. The Biblewoman had greater courage and wider vision. She suggested that the little girl be taken to one of our schools.

"No, she will become a Christian."

I went to see the mother, and my heart yearned for the child. She was just as sweet and pretty as any child in any school anywhere. She was bright and anxious to go on with her studies. It took perhaps a week or ten days to convince that mother there was nothing else in life but to send her to that school; there was no other way out. Finally she came to me and said she would give me the child. I asked her to sign a paper to that effect, and she agreed.

After the Christmas holiday she went to a school of a hundred Christian girls. We had told the children to be kind to her; not to laugh at her, but be kind. The little Christian girls held their influence over her. I left India in April, and she was doing well. In August of last year I had a letter saying she had learned to love Jesus, and wanted to be called by his name. We rejoiced, but also trembled. Would she be allowed to stay? She isn't twelve yet, and we can't baptize her without the consent of her parents. What is the next step? There were some months before we knew, but it has come, and on Easter day she was baptized, and the letters we have received say, "We have hopes that her father and mother will come too."

Do you think that justifies the Biblewoman in that village? Do you think it justifies the school in that place? She is the first Christian in her village. She seems to have almost won her mother. It seems that it is just a plan God has had and made everything ready for her. Our little girl may be the forerunner of a large community of higher class Christians in that place.

Our work in the homes among the women. They know why we come. You and I would hardly receive a Hindu teacher and let her teach our daughters their doctrines and their ideas and their ways, and yet they welcome us into their homes. Never have I been in a Hindu home where I have been shown the slightest discourtesy in the family.

A particular friend of mine is a Brahmin woman whom I have gone to see off and on in the last twenty years. I believe she loves the Lord Jesus Christ, but she has never said so openly. When I go to see her we begin with a topic that interests us immensely. We each have a son about the same age. When they were two or three years old the Hindu boy was ahead, but when they grew up he did not quite keep up with my boy. He is now in his second year of high school, and my boy is in college. When I go into her house the conversation usually starts something in this manner: Is your son well? Did he get good marks? What is he doing to earn some money? If her son is home, does he play tennis, swim?

And so we give and take, back and forth. By the time I get through and introduce Jesus as the topic of our conversation, I can say anything I want to that woman. She knows we are friends, she wants to think as I do, she wants to see as I do, and I can say to her just what I feel,—that she needs Jesus Christ, and she knows it.

There is never a Hindu woman that an American woman can't find a point of contact with if she tries, and from there go on until we reach the deepest things of our hearts.

One day on going into her large open room a door to the back stood open. She rather hastily closed it, but not before I had seen there a plaster idol decorated with paint and flowers. I did not say anything at first, but before I went I said:

"Why did you have that idol in your courtyard? You told me you did not believe in those things any more, then why did you do it?"

She hung her head and said: "Everybody else is doing it."

Sometimes that happens in this country. I could not say much more to her, as she knew she had done wrong.

Street-preaching, and at Hindu festivals. We go out in groups, and take a fiddle and drum, and sing. Then we stop and call the people to come, and when we get to the central gathering place of the village we give our message.

Sometimes in ten minutes we gather 200 people. We have entered a village which seemed to sleep, and by the time we have sung and talked five minutes we have a crowd around us. If we can we go in a Ford, the horn and the lights are the best of publicity agents. From the running board of that Ford car I have had some of the most thrilling experiences of my life. To stand there and tell two, three, and sometimes four hundred people of Jesus Christ, and know that they had never heard his name before! It thrills one to the core to think that God has so honored a follower of his as to give that privilege. We are always well received.

We go to the Hindu festivals, where we meet a thousand people in a few days. There is one such place about fifty miles from us, where we generally go in March. We meet hundreds, I should say thousands of people from all around the country at that festival. Our helpers go early to get the best place, and rope it off, and hang Sunday school pictures on the ropes. The people gather, and walk all around, and look at the pictures from the outside, then they come inside the rope and look at the pictures from the inside. Suddenly they realize someone is singing, or speaking, or playing the fiddle, and they listen. I have seen that little enclosure full of people, changing constantly, from eight in the morning till midnight, and someone telling of the love of Christ all through the day.

Last year the pastor came to my husband and said: "A man came to me this morning with a request. He had a drama tent, to make money, and he said, 'Will you stop your preaching at nine o'clock tonight and let the people come to my tent? Last night and the night before there was no one in my tent; they were all listening to you. Will you do me this favor?' The pastor's reply was, 'We are here to give a message, and so long as there is anyone to give our message to we must give it. We don't want to disoblige you, but that is what we are here for, and the people want it.'"

Dear friends, the people of India do want to hear the gospel! India is wonderfully receptive these days, wonderfully interested in what we have to say about Jesus Christ. It is one of the miracles of today that there is no opposition, that everyone is anxious to hear what we have to give them.

We have God's promise that it shall not be in vain, but one day when we came back from the villages I was walking with the pastor, and I said to him:

"Will they remember what we have said to them?"

He said: "I don't know. We must go again."

We must go again and again and again, that that message may not be lost, but it has come to me that that is one of the places where we must believe that the Spirit will bring to their remembrance the things we have told them.

Why India does not come to Christ wholly, entirely, I do not know. She seems to be ready in so many ways.

I saw a picture some time ago in an old English paper. The picture was of a door-

way, and back through the doorway one saw figures of all nations of the earth looking through the doorway, black, white, red, yellow. On this side of the doorway stood the figure of our Lord, fettered, hands and feet. There was nothing on the picture to explain it, but one could not see a picture like that without explaining it to oneself.

Our Lord was bound. Why? What had bound him? Those people on the other side of the door were waiting for him. He was ready, but could not go in. Friends, is he waiting for us? Have we bound our Lord that he cannot go through the doorway to the waiting millions on the other side? I would leave that question with you. If we have by indifference or by any other fault bound our Lord that he may not go through to the world's millions, shall we now unbind his hands and feet?

African Womanhood in the Making.

Mrs. Donald Fraser, Central Africa.

Someone said to me the other day: "Mrs. Fraser, you must think your medical missionary work is the only kind worth doing." She was surprised at my emphatic "No, indeed!" I look on it as a means, an important means to an end; but the thing that lies closest to my heart is the development of African womanhood.

A great many of you here have been claiming kinship with me. If you really knew the facts of the case you would know I don't care specially about being Scotch, but I do care for what one woman said about me:

"She is really an African at heart, in spite of her white skin."

The evolution of African womanhood is a big subject, and I could stand here for a week and talk about it. I am going to do what I do when I have a book which I have not time to read,—turn over the pages and look at the headings and the pictures. To-night I want to give you a few pictures, and I hope you will do the studying for yourself.

The first chapter in a book like that would be "The Dark Days,"—women in the dark days of Africa. I have seen some pictures that have stamped themselves on my memory, because I remember when I went out how my heart sank when I felt my task was among the women. It seemed so much easier to work among the men, who were so eager, so anxious to learn. The women were degraded, apathetic, busy attending only physical wants, seemingly not having any mind to appeal to, any aspirations, any great faculties,—a hopeless lot. Some of them made me feel as I never felt before what a terrible thing old age could be, old age with nothing in it except just a worn-out physical life. I saw some of those old women with nothing but evil stamped on their faces, saw them using their evil influence,—because all over the world woman has influence,—to support all the worst in her own society, and even to teach children to mix obscenity with their play.

I think of one old woman who was chief of her village, and as I looked at her I wondered what she was like. I turned to the teacher in her village and asked what she was like. He said:

"I will tell you what happened last year. Last year her son died, and he was not married. After he died she dreamed about him, and one day a girl, a pretty girl, disappeared from our school."

I said: "What do you mean? What happened?"

He said she dreamed about her son, that his spirit came back, and she sent that girl to join him to be his spirit wife.

"Do you mean she killed her?"

He said: "I don't know whether she killed her first, or buried her alive."

I hate to tell a story like that because it may give a wrong idea. They are not a bit different from us. These same women—and I could tell you heaps of stories like that,—have the same strong maternal instincts we have. They have the same capacity for self-sacrifice and devotion, a tremendous loyalty to their people. Yet in spite of it they do things like that. Why? The difference between us and African women is this, that we do the worst things we do in spite of our religious beliefs, the African women do the worst things they do as the direct outcome of what they believe.

It is their beliefs that prevent African

women from progressing, that hinder their development, that make them remain as they were five hundred years ago, so afraid to do anything new. For they are ruled by the community, and you feel no woman has individuality at all. She is just part of the community, an economic asset, and she has no initiative because she considers herself in that light.

Then the light comes. When the light comes things begin to happen, and unless the Christian light comes things don't happen. Christianity is the light coming and dispelling their darkness.

One day we were driven by a terrible rain into a heathen village, and we spent the night there. The next morning my husband got up early and went to look around the village. He came back and said there was an old blind woman in the village, and he had promised I would go and see her. I went to our food basket and took a handful of salt, and went to the tumbled down hut in which she lived. I stood at the door, and told her I was the white man's wife, and he had sent me to see her. Then I asked for a basket. The old blind woman fumbled for a basket, and I put the salt in and handed it back to her. The old hand groped for the salt, and I could see her astonishment at the quantity. Startled, she said:

"How gracious the white man is! I did not know that white men were like that. I was sitting here this morning, and I heard a voice ask me if I was blind and alone. I said I was, my children were lost. Then he said to me, 'I must send my wife to see you,' and now she has come and brought salt in her hands, salt to last weeks and weeks. How kind the white man is!"

I said: "Granny, that is a little bit of kindness, but I know somebody far kinder. It was he who first told me to come"; and I began to tell her about God.

She was extraordinarily intelligent for so old a woman, and she listened. Later the women of the village came crowding in, as they do,—you cannot visit an individual, but you visit the entire community. But this time it was the old woman who talked, and the others listened.

"She tells me that God loves me, and that he is sorry for me because I am old and blind and lonely, and he wants to be my friend. When I die he wants me to go to him, and he is going to give me eyes to see him with. But listen, she has told me something else about him! He is good, and he wants us to be his children, and after this when you come into my hut you are not to come in with jealous backbiting, or with angry quarreling, or nasty talk, or foul practices, because God hates these things, and I don't want him driven out of my house."

They don't always grasp it as quickly as that, and yet that is the sort of process that goes through every African woman's mind when she hears the gospel. That God is love is the astonishing fact. God is seeking them, and God is good, and wants them to be good like him. The fact that he seeks and cares for them begins that process in the African woman's mind that goes on to such astonishing changes. The fear that dominates every African disappears, and it is that fear, I am quite sure, that explains a great deal of what we have considered as inferiority. No one can develop in an atmosphere of fear. How quickly a child removed from such circumstances can develop in an atmosphere of love! We explain the backwardness of the African by the fact that in the atmosphere of fear the mind is incapable of development far more than by anything else. It begins first in everyday little ways, but it shows what way the wind is blowing, and one who knows them knows the significance of little things.

One of the most exciting times in my life was when I got an African woman to eat a milk pudding. It may seem a simple thing to you, but over hundreds of miles there is no woman who would touch milk, eggs, fowl, in any form. She would sooner die. I told the woman who first took it her life depended on it, but she took it not because her life depended on it, but because she was following God. I said if she would take that milk she would save not only her own life, but would save the lives of hundreds of other women who would follow her example, and to her own astonishment she survived. From that time on I have had no difficulty to persuade Christian women to take it. Our Christian girls are brought up free from the fear of taking these things.

But you see it in other things. There was one memorable scene in our church. I went in one day when there was no service going

on, but around our big platform there was gathered a great collection of people—men, women, and children,—and on the lower platform there was a great collection of articles,—drums, and skins, and horns full of medicine, and bags full of all sorts of things, little bundles of arrows,—all the paraphernalia of 140 witch doctors who had given up their calling. It was not conversion, but fear of the law that had made them abandon it.

One looked at them, and they seemed to be of innocent enough character. I took up a bundle of arrows and remembered a man who had been almost at death's door because one of these arrows had been pointed at his heart. And yet men, women, and even little children were picking up these things that had put dread into the hearts of hundreds, looking at them, laughing, and laying them down again. All the terror of them gone, they finally helped to gather them up and carry them outside, where we made a bonfire of them all. The light had come, and the darkness was all gone.

When Light Comes.

It is when the light comes you see the development in the women,—an extraordinary development, a mental development, a development all around. I wish you could see relations between men and women compared with the old days.

I remember one boy, one of our most promising Christian lads, who came to tell me he was to be married. I asked him who the girl was, and he said just a village girl. Has she an education? No, she can't read, and she has been in no mission school; she is just an ordinary village girl. How are you going to help your people if you marry a wife who knows nothing? He said she is a strong healthy girl, and a good cook, and that is all you want in a woman. Just before I sailed for America I got a letter from that boy, and here is a part of it:

"One sympathizes with the women who for more than ten years are waiting for their husband's return, but their love to Christ is amazing. Nothing shakes their faith. They cling to Christ and his church, and in their contributions to their church maintain the office of ministers and evangelists. Some actually do the work of a pastor themselves. The greatest need at present is . . . . for a white woman who can hold classes for both spiritual and physical purposes for our women, for no nation which leaves women behind can grow in intelligence and religion."

I think that is a good sentence for a boy who only wanted a cook for wife.

It is at this stage, when you begin to see this development, this progress, this new life of Christ, it is at this stage that social work among them becomes practical. I want to emphasize that, because there are people today who are keen on the social side of the work; and all I can say is, unless you first interfere with the African's belief you may as well try to do nothing amongst them.

If there was anything I hated it was an innocent word used by the African women, which means, "It is our custom." That word represented a stone wall against which you battered without making the least impression.

You would plead with a woman to give up some practice to save a child's life.

The answer would be: "It is our custom to do this."

I had an old woman glaring hatred at me for a year for what I was doing,—saving the life of her grandchild when its mother had died. It was against nature to do that. Yet growing Christian opinion compelled that woman to stay in our station that that child might be brought through its infancy. When it was more than a year old I let her go away with it. Two months later it was brought to me, dying, and at last the woman seemed to be satisfied. She had known it was an unnatural thing that a child should live when its mother died. It wasn't the custom.

On the other hand one can point to Christian people. There was one rather unintelligent and unrefined old lady. She had brought up her own grandchild, and she gave the rest of her life to bringing up orphan babies. It was not an easy job. Especially when you get old is it hard.

I remember one occasion when she met me she wanted me to take back the baby because she was tired of nursing babies, she wanted a little rest.

I said: "What will I do if you give up the babies? There is no one else to do it."

"No, I am the only one who knows."

"If you don't do it, have I time to do it?"

"No, you have no time."

"Well," I said, "what will become of the babies?"

"I don't know, but I am tired."

I said: "Whose baby is it?" and she looked at me and said:

"It is Jesus' baby."

"Yes, and you are going to stop doing this."

We talked for a little while, and finally she said:

"If I nurse that baby, when I die will Jesus take me into heaven because I nursed his babies?"

I said that was just what he would do.

"Very well, I will take the baby."

Away she went to the hospital, and gave up her cherished plan of visiting around the villages. Until the old woman died that was her work, nursing babies for Jesus Christ.

There are people who grow more than that. We have some beautiful characters among them. I want you to realize how wonderful and lovable these people can become, and I want to end with the story of one of our old saints.

One Old Saint.

In our station we have big gatherings. I have seen 7000 people gathered on a Sunday morning, and some of them come three or four days' journey, or more. They have walked all the way, and carried their sleeping mats, food, and children, and they have come just like yourselves to attend the meetings. Sometimes it is the only chance in all the year of getting new teaching, for they have no books and few opportunities, and in their villages the sermons they hear haven't a great deal of new truth in them.

They come at convention time. It is a feast for them. You see them in thousands standing around the church, all chattering. Suddenly you hear a hush in one corner, everybody suddenly silenced, and you know what has happened. An old woman has come among them, an old woman with a beautiful shining face, and you know she is holding up her hands and praying for the people there. Men pull off their hats, and everybody is silent till the old woman has finished her prayer. Then she wanders on to pray among another group. She lived in the presence of God. Her one idea was that the best thing she could do for people would be to ask God's blessing on them.

As you saw her inside the church she was just sitting there with her shining face uplifted, drinking in everything, and holding up her hands at anything that interested her especially. I am sure that if she had been a Methodist she would be shouting "Hallelujah!"

One communion season we had called in the people from all over the countryside as usual, and instead of the usual band of people there came only the old lady by herself. When we asked her about the rest of the people in her village she told us it was impossible for them to come. They had all started off, but they had come to a swollen river which it was impossible for them to get across. They had all turned and gone back home. We asked her where she had been. She had been with the others, but when they turned back she stood there, and she felt here was this swollen river between her and all the food for her spiritual life, and it was more than she could bear, especially to miss the communion service. So she took her courage in both hands, and she got into that river, and somehow she had managed to get to the other side, and she enjoyed that whole time with us. Yet when she was going back her courage failed. There was nothing special waiting on the other side, and the old lady had to camp two or three days before she could get across.

It is a little thing to go and work for the African people, and it is impossible when you're working for them against themselves. But it is a great thing when you get the African people working for their own people, and that is the aim of our mission, to help these women especially to come to the stage where they themselves can do the work. Yet we must have others working among them, and I want to assure you that there is nothing on earth will satisfy you more than the feeling that you have had the privilege of working among African people and helping to make Africa the kind of place God wants it to become, and these women the kind of women they are capable of becoming in Jesus Christ.

What if God could not manage to ripen your life without suffering?

The Lord's Prayer.

II. "Hallowed Be Thy Name."

Rev. Donald Fraser, M. D., Central Africa.

"What is thy name?" asked Manoah of the angel of God when he appeared to him in the field.

But the angel could not reveal it, for the man was not yet prepared to understand it, and he said:

"Wherefore askest thou after my name, seeing it is wonderful?"

For the name of God is another way of speaking of God's personality. The two are identical, as you may read in Isaiah 29. 23: "They shall sanctify my name, yea, they shall sanctify the Holy One of Jacob." All this wonderful book is just the unfolding of the wonderful name of God. We see it growing more glorious and more ineffably sweet until we find him in Jesus Christ.

When Moses saw God in the bush he asked: "If I say unto the people, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you, and they shall say to me, What is his name? what shall I say unto them? And God answered and said, Say to them, I am that I am!"—the living one, the only eternal. That was where Moses first learned the name of God, but afterward in Exodus 34. 6 there is the most wonderful name revealed, and it is Moses who heard it. And when Moses heard that name he bowed to the ground and worshiped.

So you will find right through the whole of the Old Testament the name of God gradually being revealed, until at last you come to Jesus Christ who is the image of the Father. God, as Paul knew him, is a far more wonderful God than God as Moses knew him, for Paul knew him in the face of Jesus Christ. God as John the Beloved knew him is a far more wonderful God than God as Samuel the prophet knew him, for John had seen Jesus face to face. And day by day as we learn of God his name becomes more wonderful, more ineffable, as we search into the depths of God as seen in Jesus Christ.

There are many ways in which we give names to people, sometimes without any significance, sometimes with great significance. In Genesis 30 and 31 Rachel and Leah gave names to their children, each name significant of the coming child. You will find, again, God giving new names to people because of great revolutionary events which came into their lives.

Among primitive people a name has an extraordinary significance. Thus, a name is given to a child commemorative of some great event, and a new name is taken by a man to signify the new character he has become. Among our own people in Central Africa there are beautiful names full of history. There is Masóze (Tears), and Maliro (Weeping). These commemorate a death, or some tragic event of the tribe that happened at the child's birth. Njáro (Hunger) reminds the tribe of the famine in the land when that child was born. When these children pass into manhood they take to themselves other names. Here is this great and furious warrior who takes to himself the name Chimpépo (Great Wind); another Mperémbe (Rhinoceros); or another Vumazónke (Agreeable One), because he agrees with everybody.

When a European comes among us he is always given a name by the people, a name which is terribly significant of his character. This one is "Irascible," this "Just," this "Double-faced." In every name given you may find the supposed character of the person who is named.

I should like to think that when we read of names of God in the Bible there is some significance of personality behind these names, and by them we can plumb the depths of the character of God.

Names of Jesus.

Jesus is the Greek form of Joshua. We don't love that word, but we do love the person behind the name of Jesus. If you take the Old Testament and the New Testament and seek there for the names of Jesus it seems as if you enter a museum full of wondrous caskets, and as you open each one there is a jewel lying and shining in the new name given to Jesus. I commend to you as a Bible study to find the names by which Jesus is revealed! I know at least 210 names in the Old and New Testaments

for Jesus. I will read some of them to you in alphabetical order. See if they carry any significance to you!

The almighty, the beloved, the bread of life, the captain and perfecter of our faith, Christ the dayspring from on high, Emmanuel, the first-born of all creation, the friend of publicans and sinners, the gift of God, the heir of all things, the holy one of God, the judge of the quick and the dead, the king, the king of all the earth, the Lamb of God, the light of the world, the man of sorrows, the master, Messiah, our Passover, the prince of life, the prince of peace, the resurrection, the rock, our sanctification, my servant, the good shepherd, the son of God, son of his love, the son of man, a living stone, the truth, the way, the word of God, wonderful.

What's in a name? Everything! God himself in his ineffable personality!

Dr. Nichol Macnicol says that Pandita Ramabai felt that all the wealth of the world is the soul's wealth, and he adds, "all the wealth of the soul is wrapped up in one beloved name, Jesus."

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

Jesus, my shepherd, Saviour, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king,
My lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring!

Now we are praying that God's name may be hallowed. What do we mean? How do you make God's name holy? I know no other way than by the way of obedience. It is not by beautiful ritual and majestic churches, not by the sweetest singing, not by the most fluent prayer that we make his name glorious. What hallows his name is to be Christlike, and we hallow his name when we come into his obedience.

In America there are men who are waving the star-spangled banner and who are utterly disobedient to its laws. It is not the men who cry loudest about the banner who honor the name of America, but it is the law-abiding citizen. It is not the man who says "Lord, Lord" who hallows his name, but he that does the will of the Father.

A Missionary Prayer.

Now you recognize that when we pray "Hallowed be thy name" we are praying a great missionary prayer, for we are praying that Christ be honored until the whole world crowns him king of kings. His name shall endure forever and ever. At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow. But today I notice that in America and in Britain too we are becoming so tremendously broad-minded we think the names of Buddha, Confucius, and Mohammed are as honorable as the name of Jesus. Today we examine the wonderful ethics of Confucius, the mystical seekings of Brahmanical writings, and we say these too are all seeking after God: what have we got to do interfering with the faiths of these people?

I want you to notice that in the Old Testament there is a recognition that men by many forms are seeking after God. Their light may be but the starlight, but our light is the light of the world, Jesus Christ, the very image of the Father. And we want to believe that the time is coming when Jesus Christ is going to have his rightful place in the lives of men, when his name is going to be honored. We read of God being a jealous God, and it is well that we be jealous of God for the honor of the name of Jesus Christ.

We all recognize that riches are a good thing, but when wealth is put in the place of God, and the almighty dollar put in the place of the almighty Father, that is blasphemy. God is not getting the honor due to his name. Pleasure is good, but when men devote their lives to pleasure which they should be devoting to the honor of God, we say Pan is the enemy of God, and that his name is blasphemed. All the idolatry of the world is not confined to Africa: it is in America too. We want to see that day when Jesus Christ will reign supreme in the lives of all men everywhere.

When Paul came to Athens he passed alone through that beautiful city of marvelous temples and images, the work of supreme artists, and his soul was stirred within him. Many a tourist even today will walk through Athens and his soul will be stirred when he sees those examples of wonderful art. It was not art that stirred Paul's soul, but the knowledge of a people seeking after God and not finding him, not even able to

name him. And with a great jealousy for the honor of the name of Jesus he declared the God whom they were seeking.

I wonder why it is that today one hears again and again that there are few candidates offering for the foreign field. I have been told again and again that it is because of this lack of certainty about the absolute revelation of God in Jesus Christ. People begin to recognize the good that is in other religions, and see not the pressure for declaring Jesus Christ. I know a lady who was asked to be a missionary, and with a terrible honesty she said:

"I cannot! I have not a salvation worth passing on."

There are some of us who cannot be missionaries and cannot even take an interest in missions because Jesus Christ means so little to us. We cannot understand that word of the disciples, "There is none other name given among men whereby we must be saved."

If Jesus means anything to us, and if to us his name is precious, the greatest pain in the world must be that men here in our own land and all over the world, whom God has made to be his children, dishonor his name and give not the honor that is due him.

"No one can be interested in missions unless he is not only convinced but enthusiastically sure that in Christ he has something without which life has no real values, something which is of incomparable value," says Dr. Denny. "Too habitually we think of the difference between accepting the gospel and declining it, between confessing and denying Jesus, as if it were only a matter of degree. . . . . But in the teaching of Jesus it is never a matter of more or less. It is a matter of life or of death."

That is the emphasis of one who underderstands Jesus Christ, and the name that is above every name, the name in which alone men may be saved.

I do not say for a moment that the certainty of the absolute excellence of the name of Jesus Christ must lead us to depreciate other religions and other faiths. I love the sun, but that does not mean I despise the starlight. I love the stars, and I know they are also great suns around which other worlds revolve. And if I love the name of Jesus Christ that does not mean that I despise Buddha, and the ethics of Confucius. Nay, I see in them God seeking to reveal himself to men. But the only light which shows to men the path that leads to God is the light of the world revealed in Jesus Christ.

There are two false ways in which men approach the non-Christian religions.

One is the way of the iconoclast. He comes into the temple swinging a club, and smashes the idols, calling them devils.

There is a beautiful story in one of the histories of the early Jesuit missions in India. There came a message from the great emperor that they should send one or two representatives to discuss the excellency of their religion. The godly brothers spent the whole night in prayer, and in the morning they set apart two of the brothers for this work. When they came to the emperor's court they found he had gathered there representatives of all the religions of the East. When they took their place a follower of Islam was speaking. He called Mohammed the prophet of God. The Jesuit brothers in their zeal for Christ called Mohammed the very devil. Immediately the philosophic atmosphere was turned into the atmosphere of a bear-garden, and the brothers had to flee for their lives. They came back mourning the failure of their mission, but praising God they had been allowed almost to suffer martyrdom for his sake.

There is another way of regarding the faiths of the world. It is the way of the romantic idealist who sees only the romance of barbarism and the mystic beauty of Eastern faiths.

Pandita Ramabai tells of her visit to Agra, where she saw the "fair palaces in marble, the dreams of delight." When they came to the Towers of Pleasure she asked the guide to show her the dungeons that lay beneath. He professed not to know of such places, but a little money refreshed his memory, and opening a trap door he led her to them.

They passed through dungeon after dungeon. There the queens who had incurred the king's displeasure were confined, tortured, and starved. At length they were beneath the Jasmine Tower. The guide lit a torch and showed a room richly decorated. Across the room there stretched a beam beautifully carved. Beneath the beam was

a well. On that beam the queens were hanged, and their bodies dropped into the well. The crocodiles did the rest!

Beneath the mystic beauties of Eastern religions, beneath the romance of all the barbarism of Africa, we see those dungeons of sin where prisoners are confined. We would break open those dungeons that the light of the world may shine in, and men may come to live. We know no other name given among men under heaven whereby prisoners are set free, and men pass from darkness into light, but JESUS.

AUTHORITY AND POWER.

The last thing I would say is that when we pray "Hallowed be thy name" we are praying that all the authority and power of Jesus Christ be manifested in the world.

Do you remember that when the disciples set forth on their first mission they came back reporting that "even the devils are subject to us in thy name"? And when the power of the Holy Spirit came down upon them, and Peter and John by word had healed the cripple, and people gathered around magnifying these disciples, they declared, "Be it known unto you, In the name of Jesus of Nazareth this man has been made whole,"—not by anything we have done, but by the authority of his name. And that is why the Bible teaches us that when we pray we should pray in the name of Jesus Christ.

Why is it one so seldom hears people pray in the name of Jesus? "If I could hear the Lord Jesus in the next room praying to the Father, what power there would be in my prayers!" says McCheyne. None of us can approach God the Father with such confidence as when we approach in the name of Jesus Christ. I utter the name of the Father, and immediately the doors of the palace are open, for I approach in the name of the Son. What I ask of God in the name of Jesus Christ I am asking with all the authority of God, for to Jesus Christ all power is given.

You know the story of the army that was shaken and almost defeated, when the name of the captain whom they thought was dead was shouted, bringing life and courage, and urging them on to victory. We have a name in Jesus Christ greater far than any other name that has ever been uttered. It breaks the fetters of those bound by sin, and at the name of Jesus Christ we go forth from victory to victory.

We hallow his name, then, when we give the honor to Jesus Christ which is his due. May I say this, that there is no greater danger in the Christian life than that we should dishonor and blaspheme the name of Jesus by taking to ourselves honor that belongs to him and authority that belongs to him? When Moses struck the rock and said, "Shall we bring water out of this rock?" he was taking glory to himself, and he was closed out from the Promised Land.

I read this significant sentence from an article by Henry Ford:

"More men are failures on account of success than on account of failure. They make their way over a dozen obstacles, they overcome a host of difficulties, they sacrifice and make the impossible possible: then along comes a little success, and it tumbles them from their perch. They let up, slip, and over they go. Who can count the number of men who have been halted by recognition and reward?"

When Jesus was recognized by God the Father at baptism he went into the wilderness and prayed. When men were willing to make him king he withdrew into the mountain top and prayed. For the time of success is the time of greatest temptation.

Sir George Adam Smith tells how one time when he was climbing the Alps the guide and he were in front. As they came to a great summit Smith leaped ahead in front of the guide right on to the summit, that he might be the first to see the marvelous view. As he leaped a fearful blast of wind beat him, almost throwing him over. At the same time the guide snatched at him and pulled him down, shouting:

"On the summit the only safety is on your knees!"

In the day of your success, when in the name of the Lord you have done wondrous things, that is the time for humiliation and prayer. Then we shall recognize that the only authority in the world by which wonders are done is the name of Jesus. Our prayer that his name be hallowed is the prayer that God's authority may be recognized in this world, and all men be obedient to him, giving him the glory that is his due.

(To be continued.)

Three Lion Stories from Congo Belge.

Mrs. Dan Crawford.

Now is the time for lion scares and stories galore, for 'tis the season of the long dry yellow grass which matches exactly the khaki coat of the lions, and makes a perfect cover for them. They may be but a few inches off, yet quite invisible. Do they know this I wonder? Anyway it is well for the traveler to know it, for any moment a patch of yellow grass may become yellow lion!

This was alarmingly so a few days ago. Three Christian women and two children were early afoot, with their husbands some distance behind, when a sharp turn in the path, and there, just at arm's length from them, a lion sprang out of the long grass. In sheer surprise and terror they fell on their knees with their faces to the ground.

"Pray!" moaned one in a whisper.

They all did, their quaking voices growing in volume as they beseeched God for his protecting care. Move they dared not, not even to lift their eyes. But they prayed on.

Presently a shout of surprise from their husbands because of their posture stopped their prayers, and looking up—behold, there was nothing! But the lion's tracks told the tale. He had gone right round them, and then back into the grass.

You can guess what thanksgivings went up as they hurriedly collected the scattered contents of the baskets, which had fallen from the startled women's heads.

A quaint way in which two old women recently tackled a lion will cause you to smile, though it was no joking matter for them,—or their visitor either!

They were aroused at night by the growling of a lion outside their mud hut. Then a leap and a thud on the old thatched roof, and oh, horrors!—they saw four legs sticking through the rotten grass just above their heads!

The frighted grannies' one idea was to drive that lion off their roof. But how? They had neither axe nor hoe, nor even knife, and they dared not apply fire for fear of burning down their hut. But a pot of water was on the smouldering fire. Down on their knees they went, one feeding the fire with wood chips while the other blew it into flames. Meanwhile the lion, pulling and straining his best, couldn't withdraw his legs. Then the water boiled, and the wily old dames raising the pot above their heads scalded one paw after another, while the tormented lion roared and struggled outside in vain. But presently one extra violent effort, which nearly brought the roof down on the women, and the lion was free, and with a bound was lost in the darkness.

Doubtless peeled paws paid him for his pains, while the plucky old cronies received the praise and thanks of all their neighbors.

But here is news to set your heart all a-pitying, and then praising God all a-glowing! It has been brought in to us here from the East, and is a real up-to-date Daniel-in-the-lions'-den story about a little black girl this time, probably nine or ten years old. (For whoever keeps count of birthday returns in the hamlets!)

Repeatedly she had run away from her heathen home to a Bible school some little distance off, only to be dragged back again by her perturbed mother, who was anxious "to save" her little daughter from the native teacher's medicine (religion) that had such uncanny power to change lives. But beat her as she would, away would bolt little swift-foot to join the sweet singing, and the A. B. C. class, and the memorizing of Bible stories which she loved.

In despair her mother handed her over to the fierce witch doctor "to put fear upon her." At all costs she must be prevented from having her "ears closed" by those Christians. Black shame would she bring upon the one who bore her if she became one of them. She would never revere the tribal customs, or learn to brew beer, or even join in the alluring night dance; but far worse still, she would bind herself to a one-wife man, which would mean but poverty for the whole family circle.

So the wizard, keeping her in the dark, first tried to scare her into obedience by his gruesome conjuring and incantations, and grisly magic. (Calculated to raise the hair of a warrior!) Not succeeding, he scourged her, and then tied her up by her feet to a branch, that the new religion might percolate down and flow out of her mouth. This failing, as she slipped off again to school and imbibed fresh Christian teaching, he forced

obnoxious medicines into her to kill off this new batch of microbes: which antidote nearly killed her! But with returning strength there she was at the school again!

The sorely disappointed and now desperate mother determined on a last effort, of the really kill-or-cure order, to rescue her child for the time-honored tribal customs so necessary for girls. Driving her away from the school into the forest, she bound her little daughter to a tree with bark rope stripped off a sapling, saying:

"A worthless child art thou to me, but food for lions!"

If the spirits aided her, the lions would only frighten this "Jesus belief" out of her child, and all would be peace in the home again. If not,—well, she would lose from it nothing now of value. So she left her.

The dreaded black night enveloped that shivering little girl, alone in the dreary African forest. Try to picture that little mite bound there, hearing so acutely each tiny twig as it cracked beneath the feet of the stealthily advancing beasts, and the rustling among the fallen leaves telling her of the presence of deadly snakes or stinging scorpions! Ah, the terror of it all! But most surely the angel of the Lord had encamped around that tree, for when at dawn a Christian lad found her and cut her loose he saw lion tracks encircling the spot, but noted that not one animal had dared to encroach upon a definite boundary of four arms' length from her. She had seen their glaring eyes as moving balls of fire, but she said she remembered what she had learnt in school, that God made the lions, and that he had made her too, and so fear left her, she felt so sure God wouldn't let them eat her up.

"Marvelous!" we exclaim. But why so? Wasn't it God responding to the simple faith of a little black girl? Satan would like us to believe that the little ones are unable to understand religious instruction, so why waste time upon them? Even the disciples thought that little children were too insignificant for their Master's time to be taken up with them. But I like to note how Christ turned the tables upon them by saying:

"Except YE become as little children."

Oh to get back to the childhood of TRUST!

Isn't it a joyful fact that children can believe and love the Saviour far more readily than those grown old in sin? Then let this be my plea for our African boys and girls! How I would urge their claims upon your compassion by reminding you of their peculiar susceptibility to influence, whether for good or bad. Alas, in their heathen homes it is all for the latter! Ah, the sadness of it! Bright-eyed children forced up in tribal practices so detestable and revolting that you would turn in loathing did I but dare to tell you! Hence my consuming desire for more and yet more little Bible schools, such as the one wherein little swift-foot first learnt to love the good and resist the evil.

And surely too our little Africans' claims upon Christ's church are all the stronger when we remember that many will become, by the blessing of God, the future gospel workers of this land.

Oh that that voice of such tense yearning desire for the young might ever be ringing in our ears, "Suffer the little children to come unto me!" May we never need its pained and stern rebuke, "Forbid them not!" Rather may it stiffen us to do all in our power, cost what it may, to carry out our Saviour's ardent wishes while yet the precious hours remain wherein to please him!

Yours in him we love, and
long to serve better,

Grace Crawford.

(Gifts for Bible school work in Congo Belge may be sent to the editor of this magazine.)

Next Month.

The Divine Nature of Jesus, Dr. John Gardner, Riverside, Cal.
The Finality of Jesus, Dr. Samuel McPheeters Glasgow, Knoxville, Tenn.
The Lordship of Jesus, Prof. James Moffatt, New York.
Turning Back Again to Jesus, Dr. Robert E. Speer, New York.
What It Means to Believe in Jesus Christ, Dr. Walter L. Lingle, Richmond, Va.
"Thy Kingdom Come!" Dr. Donald Fraser, Scotland.
The Gospel of John (Bible Notes), Dr. F. B. Meyer, London.
Prize tunes, "Hymn for Airmen."
Special Book Table: reviews of timely Christmas volumes.

Life and Letters of Paul.

November 4, 1928.
World's Temperance Sunday.
Romans 13.

In this section of Romans Paul is applying the gospel to everyday life. Chapter 13 has to do with the civil and social relations of the Christian believer. Paul was writing to persons who lived under the Emperor Nero, but the principles he lays down ought to underlie all human government.

Christian duty embraces and emphasizes good citizenship, true neighborliness, and holy living. The Bible is on the side of law.

It is appropriate that we should study this lofty conception of government. Multiplication of laws goes hand in hand with laxity of observance and disrespect for officials in this nation. Why?

Study the passage in Weymouth and Moffatt. They are much more intelligible than the Authorized Version.

Duties toward ruling authorities, 1-7.

There are three factors in the case: God, civil authorities, the individual citizen.

Notice the fivefold reference to God: three times designating civil authority as ordained of God, twice calling the ruler the minister (servant) of God. That is Paul's starting point. God is the absolute ruler. Civil government is a divine plan. It is not of the devil, as some have said, though some office-holders might lead one to think so.

The authority thus constituted is for social, not for personal good; for righteousness, not for wrong-doing. Hence the ruler should remember his obligation before God, and rule accordingly. He should be for the honest citizen's benefit and commendation, and for the punishment of the wrong-doer.

Another consequence is that every individual is in contact with God in civil rule. His response to the demands of government has a semi-religious aspect. Hence it is a matter of conscience (5), not of fear of punishment. Subjection to civil authority is a Christian duty.

Paul is not writing a treatise on government, and only touches upon its positive aspect in regard to the conditions his readers were living under. He says nothing here about tyrannical rule, unjust laws, or other abuses. Presumably when the ruler or the law falls short of God's plan, the individual is not obligated to obey, but should remain loyal to God. That is where the "conscientious objector" comes in. Abuses in government do not do away with the underlying principles any more than abuses in marriage rob it of its sacredness. Paul is talking of the settled order, not of the temporary office-holder.

The same principle that underlies the establishment of civil government holds good in regard to its maintenance. All its obligations should be met. Even tax-collectors are ministers of God! Tax-dodgers are evading duty toward God as well as man.

In a democracy it is for voters to put the right kind of men and women in office and to advocate right principles of law.

What would be our standard of law and law observance if we as a nation recognized Paul's sense of God?

Duty toward others, 8-10.

There is one standing debt that can never be liquidated: love of fellow man, "the other" fellow, friend or foe, without distinction of race or rank. Such love is perfect obedience, fulfilment of the law: for love would do no wrong, while violation of righteous law is wrong-doing, and somebody suffers.

Dr. Parker said that the program of verse 7 could have been written by a pagan, but it required a Christian to write 8-10.

How far would love of this sort on the part of Christians go toward making the nation Christian?

How believers should walk, 11-14.

"Live thus," translates Weymouth, "realizing the situation!" "You know what this Crisis means," Moffatt.

The near approach of dawn—beautiful figure!—is the reason and incentive Paul adduces for what he has been saying. Whoever puts on the Lord Jesus Christ (lives his life, manifests his character,) and lives in the hope of his coming is the ideal citizen, in inward character and in outward conduct. He will walk as in daylight, even though the night-life of sin is still around him.

Golden Text—Love worketh no ill to his neighbor: love therefore is the fulfilment of the law. Romans 13. 10.

November 11, 1928.
Peace and Good Will among Men.
Romans 12. 1, 2, 9-21.

Because this is Armistice Day the lesson committee has given the passage the above unusual title. Verses 18-20 may furnish a text for peace talk to Christians. Paul's theme in the chapter is Christian service and everyday living.

"I beseech you, therefore," Paul begins, basing his personal appeal upon "the mercies of God" upon which he has been discoursing. In the previous chapters he has given a clear and full discussion of the gospel, the power of God unto salvation to every one that believes, in which is revealed a righteousness of God from faith to

faith (Romans 1. 16, 17). But he will not leave his readers up in the clouds. "Therefore" he beseeches them to do the next thing, to act worthily of the glorious gospel with which they are now acquainted: to incarnate the power of God in themselves and to manifest his righteousness in their everyday life. Genuine salvation must have practical results in every saved man's daily life.

If in former generations there was one-sided emphasis on a man's creed, today there is danger of the other extreme,—indifference about a man's beliefs in the demand for certain conduct. There is, too, a prevailing tendency to emphasize the "social gospel." The gospel of the grace of God is primarily individual, but cannot help being social,—it has been the great saving social agency all down the centuries. Note Paul's order: first Christian doctrine, then Christian character and conduct; first a right relation to God, then a right relation to fellow men.

Self-dedication unto God, 1, 2.

Christianity is not a mental affair, a mere philosophy. It is a scheme of life embracing the whole man and his faculties. The believer has accepted the gospel in his mind and will: he must also present his body to God as a live sacrifice,—his hands, his voice, his all, for Christian conduct and ministry, —no longer his own, but God's.

First sacrifice, then transfiguration. How? By the renewing of the mind, that is, by accepting the mind of Christ with its new estimates and convictions as the controlling principle of living. This is what changes character,—an inward power and process. And while the believer grows more Christ-like he becomes less worldlike.

How different an aim from that of many professing Christians, who seek to follow the habits and doings of worldly society as closely as they dare!

The reward or blessing of this transfigured life is increased power of perceiving the will of God.

Christian behavior toward others, 9-21.

Having established the believer's character, now follow a number of epigrammatic rules for Christian behavior. They inculcate everyday Christian virtues that are to be manifested not only towards fellow Christians, but towards all, including even persecutors and enemies: for the Christian life may entail opposition, struggle. The climax (21) is victory over evil.

Bishop Moule, in the "Expositor's Bible," gives a verbatim translation of Paul's abrupt, nervous Greek, as follows:

"Your love, unaffected. Abominating the ill, wedded to the good. For your brotherly-kindness, full of home-affection. For your honor (code of precedence), deferring to one another. For your earnestness, not slothful. For the Spirit (as regards your possession and use of the divine indweller), glowing (boiling). For the Lord, bond-serving. For your hope (of the Lord's return), rejoicing. For your affliction, enduring. For your prayer, persevering. For the wants of the saints (the poverty of fellow Christians), communicating (sharing). Hospitality prosecuting. Bless those who persecute you; bless, and do not curse. To rejoice with the rejoicing, and to weep with the weeping. Feeling the same thing towards one another (animated by a happy identity of sympathy and brotherhood). Not haughty in feeling, but full of lowly sympathies. Do not get to be wise in your own opinion. Requiting no one evil for evil. Taking forethought for good in the sight of all men. If possible, as regards your side, living at peace with all men."

Don't tone these exhortations down, and trim them away! Let them retain their fullest Christian content, and seek to fulfil them by the grace and power of the indwelling Christ!

How happy the state of society if Christians lived up to these exhortations!

Golden Text—Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good! Romans 12. 21.

November 18, 1928.

Paul's Experiences in Jerusalem.

Acts 21 to 23.

We dropped the thread of history on October 28 at the end of chapter 20. The teacher should pick it up again by beginning to read and study at chapter 21, where Paul's 3rd missionary journey ends at Jerusalem at 21. 16, and where his "experiences in Jerusalem" immediately begin a train of circumstances that ends in Rome (c. 28). It was his 5th visit to Jerusalem, about 58 A. D., say.

Instead of condensed history, which is so common in Acts, Luke now writes in greater detail. He recognizes that Paul is at a crisis in his career. He is arrested before he has been in Jerusalem a week, and remains a prisoner of Rome and of Jesus Christ (Ephesians 3. 1, etc.) for five years. A sad outcome of a visit that was undertaken with generous impulses!

The incidents are obvious, but our interpretation of them will be governed by our opinion about Paul, whether he came to Jerusalem in a spirit of self-will or by the direct leading of God (compare 19. 21 with 21. 4). But in either case the incidents show Paul to have been the victim of two glaringly false charges.

(1) Misrepresented by the Jerusalem Christians, 21. 18-25.

After the warm welcome given Paul upon arrival (17), he had a conference with the church leaders, when he related the triumphs of the gospel in foreign fields. Of course the Jerusalemites glorified God, but they turned immediately to a more personal matter, namely, that Paul was regarded as

not orthodox because, they were informed, he taught Jews to abandon the Mosaic law.

The charge was quite false, but without seeking to get the truth they proposed a plan by which Paul should give concrete proof of loyalty to Judaism. Paul's policy was to be a Jew to Jews if he could win some to Christ, and he held that rites and ceremonies were nothing one way or the other (1 Corinthians 7. 18-20), so he consented to the plan.

Was the proposal good? Was Paul right in adopting it?

His action may be viewed in two ways. On one hand it may be said that he showed a big conciliatory spirit, in no way violating his known principles. On the other hand it may be said that this man who had fought Judaism in the foreign field, who had written the epistle to the Galatians to scotch it, who held that the ceremonial law was done away in Christ, is now guilty of unworthy concession or compromise to gain the good opinion of a lot of nobodies.

(2) Misrepresented by the Asian Jews, 21. 26-29.

The plan was coming along successfully, and the seven days (of Pentecost? of the vow?) were ALMOST ended, when an unconsidered factor upset everything.

Of course there would be Jews from Roman Asia at the feast, and they had lost none of their hatred of Paul. Here was another chance at him!

They charged falsely that Paul discredited the nation, the law, the Temple. Paul loved the nation, and only taught that the law and the Temple had their fulfilment in the gospel (read 24. 14-18; 26. 6, 7, 22). They further "supposed" he had brought a Gentile into the sacred Temple precincts, and this false supposition was exaggerated into "Greeks" (28).

So the plan, instead of bringing about peace and goodwill, ended in a fanatical religious riot. The murderous intentions of the Jews almost succeeded, but Paul is rescued—not by the fellow Christians whom he was trying to conciliate, but by Roman soldiers (30 to 36).

Chapter 22 gives his speech in Hebrew on the castle stairs to the people, interrupted by a sudden explosion of their hate (22). In chapter 23 Paul speaks to the sanhedrin; he is cheered by the Lord and commissioned to witness for him in Rome (11); and is delivered from a Jewish plot on his life. Rome is his goal!

Golden Text—Be strong in the Lord, and in the strength of his might! Ephesians 6. 10.

November 25, 1928.

The Prayers of Paul.

Acts 20. 36-38; Ephesians 1. 15, 16; 3. 14-21.

Prayer in the life and teaching of Paul occupies a big place, as will be found by noting every instance in Acts and his epistles where he prayed himself and where he urged others to pray. Paul was a man of unceasing activity, yes, but also of unceasing prayer. We may well believe that in his love and care for the churches he made much of the privilege of prayer.

The lesson committee has selected three passages showing Paul's prayer relations with the church in Ephesus. In the first selection he prayed with a group of the believers, in the other two he prayed for them.

United prayer, Acts 20. 36-38.

Refresh your memory of the context by reading from verse 17! In the expectation that he would never see them again Paul had asked the leaders of the church in Ephesus to meet him at Miletus. How should they separate after this affecting interview? How, except with prayer? For prayer maintains contact one with another by way of the throne. It annihilates separation. Further, it brings comfort, strength, peace of heart.

May we assume that prayer at parting was the practice of Paul as he visited the groups of believers? They would never forget it.

Prayer meetings, says Dr. Amos R. Wells, are as old as Christianity.

Prayer for spiritual illumination, Ephesians 1. 15-19.

A good report of the Ephesus believers had reached Paul in prison at Rome, specifically their loyalty and love, and in giving thanks for them he let them know he was praying for them definitely. Praying to whom? What for? Take pencil and paper, and single out the details of his prayer! Read Moffatt's and other recent translations: they are better than the Authorized version. Each clause contains deep truth.

How it must have thrilled those believers to know that Paul was praying for them! We are equally needy today. There is unlimited need of intercession.

Prayer for knowledge and fulness, Ephesians 3. 14-21.

Another prayer parenthesis while Paul was inditing this epistle! Again he turns to God the Father. The measure of his answer will be "his glorious riches." Take paper and pencil again, and separate and study the petitions!

The climax and goal is—"filled unto all the fulness of God." Think of such a prayer for men and women who had comparatively recently been converted out of pagan ignorance! Let us dare to ask large things!

No wonder, having reached such a height of divine blessing, that Paul should burst into a doxology!

Do you pray for your scholars? Do you ever pray with them?

Golden Text—Rejoice always; pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks! 1 Thessalonians 5. 16-18.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS

Mrs. Ida Q. Moulton.

In What Ways Do We Waste Our Time?

Ephesians 5. 16; Psalm 90. 12. November 4, 1928.

We waste time in—

W—orrying.

Why fret thee, soul,
For things beyond thy small control?
Why fret thee, too,
For needed things that thou canst do?
Whate'er thou canst help, help:
Whate'er thou canst not, with no useless worry bear!
Two things at least, then, soul, need never cause thee care!

A—musements.

I have just so many years to live, and just so much to do, and I cannot afford to waste a minute of time on anything in itself good if at the same time I might do something better.

S—lander.

Never waste time throwing verbal mud! You may hit the mark, but you will get a dirty tongue.

T—alking too much.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense is rarely found.

E—xcuses.

Give reasons, not excuses! The latter prove you have not used your time as you ought.

T—rouble.

Some people have their troubles three times: first in anticipation, then in actual realization, lastly in morbid retrospection.

I—nsults, imaginary or real.

Alice Freeman Palmer said to a girl who was complaining of rudeness she had just received from a fellow student: "Why not be superior to such things, and let them go unregarded? You will soon find you have nothing to regard."

M—oney.

Men say, Time is money. But time is thought, knowledge, power, character, the threshold of eternity! Yet time is like money in this, the less we have of it the further we make it go.

E—ducation.

A college president recently said to a graduating class: "Your college education is but wasted time and money unless it has given you a body strong and supple, an intellect able to think, a heart to love, a conscience for righteousness, an imagination to appreciate the beautiful, and a will strong to choose aright."

Time is indeed a sacred boon,
But with the boon a task is given:
Thine heart must learn its duty well
To man on earth and God in heaven!

What Is Being Done for and against World Peace?

Romans 14. 19. November 11, 1928.

Plenipotentiaries representing 15 nations gathered on August 27 last in Paris to enter a written undertaking on behalf of their governments that as among themselves they renounce war as an instrument of national policy. When this formality was completed the Pact of Paris was opened for the adherence of 47 other nations.

Signing by the original 15 brought together the greatest diplomatic gathering in Paris since the consummation of the peace treaty of 1919.

* * * * *

"The League of Nations," said Elihu Root, "has done incomparably more for peace than ever has been done before by any other agency."

Said another: "A new adversary has been lured from his lurking place. Arguments are plenty that war and preparation for war must not be harshly and rudely interfered with by the establishment of international courts of justice, because war is a part of the divine order of the universe."

* * * * *

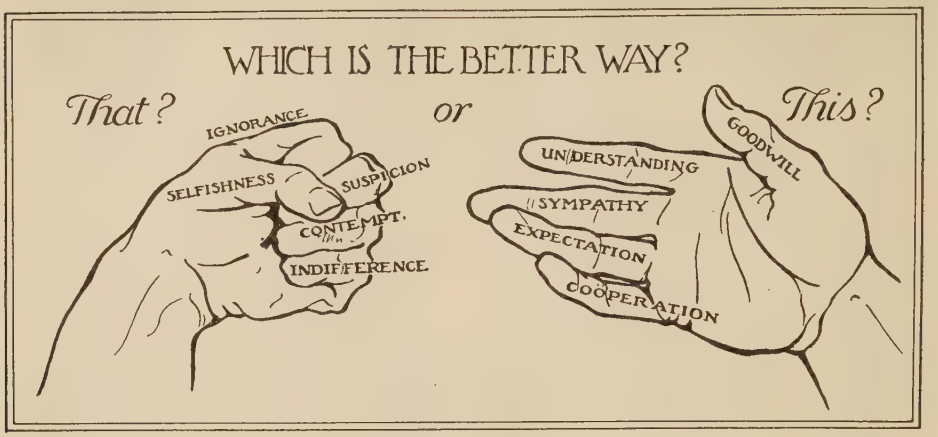
"Let us think peace!" said Dr. Charles E. Jefferson. "We have a neighbor on the North with whom we have squabbled off and on for a hundred and fifty years, but we never think of war, not with Canada. And Canada never thinks of war with us. When we get into dispute we appoint a commission, and Canada does the same, and these two commissions sit down together and thrash the matter out. Why do we do this? We have nothing to fight with along the Canadian border, no battleships, no forts, no guns. We have not prepared for war: we have prepared for peace. We think peace. Thinking peace we have peace, and please God we are going to have it always!"

* * * * *

Walter Rauschenbusch said, in speaking of the doctrine of militarism, "that great pagan retrogression":

"When we call out the militaristic spirit we summon a dangerous power. Force challenges force. Hate breeds hate. Only love disarms."

Never before has the mind of the world been so occupied with the problems of sub-



HANDS ACROSS THE SEAS.

It is with nations and races as it is with individuals—and business firms: much depends upon the approach. The attitude of the closed fist gets one response, that of the outstretched hand quite another. In world relationships, like creates like: militarism begets war; missions, peace.—"Mission Herald."

stituting law for war, right and reasonableness for might and brute force.

What the Practice of Stewardship would Mean to the World.

1 Peter 4. 7-11. November 18, 1928.

Phillips Brooks once said that the same sweep of the arm that does any work for God also gathers some more of God's truth and sweeps it into the treasury of life.

When men give themselves, their money, time, or service, beyond their power, God soon brings their power up to the measure of their desires if their desires are in accord with his plans.

Every bit of fidelity is registered in increased capacity. And the line of reward is found in the increased, unfolding capacity and power.

If the understanding of stewardship gripped all of us there would be a new Pentecost, a surge of divine love that would make Christianity a real power in every life, and compel attention.—R. P. Anderson.

* * * * * .

A missionary in India while itinerating came to a village where the headman had a guest house. The host, a Muslim, rose from his bed to receive the missionary, who asked if the house belonged to him.

"No, it is God's, but I am in charge of it," was the answer: which was not mere form, as was proved by the welcome freely given the visitor.

Stewardship rightly understood would make us stewards of our homes, using hospitality one to another without grudging. As one has suggested, the highest type of stewardship is found in the man or woman who realizes that God sends his gifts to us for the benefit of others who stand beside us needing them.

* * * * *

Some tourists in Southern California stopped before a fine residence to admire the beautiful flowers around the house. A lady came out, greeted them cordially, and conversed with them pleasantly. Then she cut a beautiful bouquet and presented it to them.

The tourists noticed that the flowers seemed overripe. They had not gone far on their way before the motion of the car had shaken off nearly all the petals.

And this is the kind of gift with which too many try to honor God. But these fag-end gifts of time and service are inadequate to the cause of redeeming the world.

Remember God!

Ecclesiastes 12. 1; Psalm 103. 1-5. November 25, 1928.

Remember God in your acquaintances!

When Mark Twain was in Berlin, the story goes, he received an invitation to call upon the kaiser.

"Why, papa," exclaimed his little daughter, after contemplating the missive for a moment in speechless awe, "if it keeps on this way there won't be any one for you to get acquainted with but God!"

How many there are, proud of their acquaintance with men of influence, yet haven't even a bowing acquaintance with the most influential being in the universe! "Deepening acquaintance with God is the one all-embracing problem of the Christian life."

To know God intimately is to serve him well.

Remember God in prosperity!

We are told that too long a period of fair weather in some Italian valleys creates such an abundance of dust that the traveler sighs for a shower. His clothes are white, his eyes smart, he is smothered.

Prosperity too often has the same effect upon Christians. It requires a strong, steadfast Christian character to withstand extended prosperity and not forget God.

* * * * *

Remember that God overrules as well as rules!

Livingstone planned to go to China, but God led him to Africa to be its great missionary explorer and statesman.

Alexander Mackay prepared for work in Madagascar, but God directed his course to Uganda to aid in founding one of the most remarkable missions in the world.

Cary proposed to go to the South Seas, but was divinely guided to India, to give the Bible in the native tongue to its teeming millions.

As at night in the forest the traveler is guided by the light of the sky above him, so we find the light to guide us by looking upward, though "the path may be dark and dreary."

* * * * *

Remember that God is angry with the wicked every day, Psalm 7. 11!

"I stood with the captain on the deck of an ocean steamer," relates a tourist. "Suddenly a steward came forward and said that a hostler in charge of horses in the hold had thrown a lighted match into the straw. The captain rushed to the hold, seized the offender by the collar, dragged him from the stall, and put him in irons for the rest of the voyage."

The captain did this to protect the ship and its passengers and crew. He feared a fire.

It is because the wicked destroy that God is angry with their wickedness. His anger is not vengeance, but protection for those who love righteousness and hate iniquity. We cannot presume on God's goodness and mercy.

Learn a Text a Day.

November, 1928.

THURSDAY, 1st. *And the Lord came down upon Mount Sinai, on the top of the mount: and the Lord called Moses up to the top of the mount, and Moses went up. Exodus 19. 20.*

Every genuine believer in God has his interview with God in the mountain, his periods of solitude, his seasons of withdrawal from strife and noise and unholy revelry: and coming back from the mountain of contemplation he touches life with a steadier hand, and does his duty with a completer obedience and more radiant cheerfulness.—Joseph Parker.

FRIDAY, 2nd. *A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Proverbs 25. 11.*

There may be a marvelous beauty in words. Like the finest product of the engraver's art they may stand forth in lasting loveliness. All of us carry in memory some word of good cheer, of sympathy, or of pure friendliness, that is priceless beyond computing.—"Alliance Weekly."

SATURDAY, 3rd. *Jesus saith unto her, Go, call thy husband, and come hither! John 4. 16.*

Christ may not say to you, "Go, bring thy husband!" but "Go, bring thy ledger!"—J. H. Jowett.

SUNDAY, 4th. *Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward! Matthew 10. 42.*

I love to think of the multitude of quiet workers whose names are known only to God, but who are the leaven of life, making the world sweeter and happier and better by their unheralded gifts of gentle kindness and mercy.—Floyd W. Tomkins.

MONDAY, 5th. *With God all things are possible. Mark 10. 27.*

The word "with" in the text has not the same meaning as the word "to." It is not that to God all things are possible, God can do everything, but that with God I can do everything. For you, when you are with God, all things are possible.—W. Y. Fullerton.

ELECTION DAY, TUESDAY, 6th. *The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein. Psalm 24. 1.*

Then do not run away from the earth as if it were a foe to be fought! Do not condemn it as if it were the devil's! It is the Lord's. Our calling is so to live that through us the power of God may put the world in its right place.—Mark Guy Pearse.

WEDNESDAY, 7th. *And it came to pass at the seventh time that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand! And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not! 1 Kings 18. 44.*

This is a parable of faith and sight: faith shutting itself up with God, sight taking observations and seeing nothing; faith going right on, and "praying in prayer," with utterly hopeless reports from sight.

Do you know how to pray that way, how to pray prevailingly? Let sight give as discouraging reports as it may, but pay no attention to these! The living God is still in the heavens, and even to delay is part of his goodness.—Arthur T. Pierson.

THURSDAY, 8th. *The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me. Psalm 138. 8.*

The psalmist was wise: he rested upon nothing short of the Lord's work. Our confidence must not be in what we have done, or in what we have resolved to do, but entirely in what the Lord will do.—C. H. Spurgeon.

FRIDAY, 9th. *There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul! Thou must be brought before Cæsar. Acts 27. 23, 24.*

This was one of God's "musts." If God has a purpose for you it must be fulfilled! —A. B. Simpson.

SATURDAY, 10th. *Neither have ye sought that which was lost. Ezekiel 34. 4.*

If the lost are to be reached by the gospel of the Son of God, Christianity must be more aggressive than it has been in the past. We have been on the defensive long enough: the time has come for us to enter on a war of aggression. Every man and woman who loves the Lord Jesus Christ must wake up to the fact that he or she has a mission in the world in this work of reaching the lost. —D. L. Moody.

SUNDAY, 11th. *To all that be in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints, grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ! Romans 1. 7.*

All are saints whom God has called by his grace and sanctified by his Spirit. Do not look upon the ancient saints as being exempt either from infirmities or sins! We are called to be saints by that same voice which constrained them to their high vocation. Let us emulate their ardor and holiness!—C. H. Spurgeon.

MONDAY, 12th. *When the Son of man cometh. Luke 18. 8.*

Oh for a trumpet voice to sound throughout our land, comforting the sorrowful, encouraging the downcast, and stimulating the wavering,—"Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh!"—J. Stuart Holden.

TUESDAY, 13th. *Had it not been for the Law I would never have known what sin meant. Thus I would never have known what it is to covet unless the Law had said, You must not covet! Romans 7. 7 (Moffatt).*

Coveting—evil desire—is simply a motion of the soul. It may never reach action at all. My neighbor may never know of it, and I myself may refuse to indulge it, but the desire itself and alone is sin.—D. M. Panton.

WEDNESDAY, 14th. *Now therefore, O God, strengthen my hands! Nehemiah 6. 9.*

Nehemiah after a strenuous day of toil would go home and prepare the next day's plans. And what does he do? He always does it by prayer, and his prayer was really a formula. "Now, O Lord," he said, "strengthen my hands!"

What a fine thought that is! Unless your prayer life is sufficiently real to move you in thought and in will to do the thing that you know ought to be done, it is not genuine at all.—Harris E. Kirk.

THURSDAY, 15th. *He staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God. Romans 4. 20.*

Is it any wonder that when we stagger at any promise of God through unbelief we do not receive it? Not that faith merits an answer, or in any way earns it, or works it out, but God has made believing a condition of receiving, and the giver has a sovereign right to choose his own terms of gift.—Samuel Hart.

FRIDAY, 16th. *And beside this, giving all diligence, add . . . . to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness love! 2 Peter 1. 5, 7.*

When faith is bright in friendly eyes,
When heart to heart is true,
When man for brother bravely dies,
Or bravely lives life through,
I seem to see a pathway bright
Where countless feet have trod,
And climbed from darkness into light
On stepping stones to God.
—Harold C. Warren.

SATURDAY, 17th. *Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt! Colossians 4. 6.*

"Seasoned" does not mean all salt. Seasoning is but a small proportion of the food, a mere sprinkling, yet it so permeates the whole as to render it pleasant to the palate. The sprinkling in of the salt is a fine art. We recall a dear friend who had the most marked facility for turning the conversation into spiritual channels, with no seeming effort and never with offence. The secret? Morning by morning he fed his mind and heart on spiritual food.—Norman B. Harrison.

SUNDAY, 18th. *I was glad when they*

said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord! Psalm 122. 1.

It is a great testimony to Jesus, the simple going to church in our own town or city or village. Keep it going! It is getting rather ragged in some places. Fall in, and keep it up!—John McNeill.

MONDAY, 19th. *But a certain Samaritan . . . . had compassion on him. Luke 10. 33.*

If ever a comforter was unexpected it was in the case of this poor wounded wayfarer. This man who showed such kindness was actually a Samaritan! It is a striking and suggestive instance of the unexpected comforters of life.

My dear reader, courage! The oil and wine are nearer than you think, and probably they are coming to you from some one of whom you never dream.—George H. Morrison.

TUESDAY, 20th. *The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Jeremiah 17. 9.*

It is not the profane oath: it is the profane heart. It is not the overt, deadly deed: it is the feeling of needless, exaggerated, unrighteous anger. It is not the hand wet with blood: it is the spirit that longs for some measure of revenge and some degree of retaliation. It is when we get into these essences of thought that the Holy Ghost alone can be our perfect teacher, showing us what sin is without its accidents of time, place, and form,—the wickedness of sin in the sight of the holiness of God.—Joseph Parker.

WEDNESDAY, 21st. *And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed. Mark 1. 35.*

Blest is the tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave!

THURSDAY, 22nd. *I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring. Isaiah 44. 3.*

Are you this morning thirsting for the living God, and unhappy because you cannot find him to the delight of your soul? Have you lost the joy of religion? Here is exactly the promise you need!—C. H. Spurgeon.

FRIDAY, 23rd. *The fruit of the Spirit is love. Galatians 5. 22.*

The Lord turns up the leaves of our profession, looking first for the golden fruit of love. The tree is barren that grows no love. Friend, dost thou grow this goodly fruit?—Mark Guy Pearse.

SATURDAY, 24th. *Yield yourselves unto God as those who are alive from the dead! Romans 6. 13.*

"Yield yourselves unto God!" As these words fall upon your ears, and fears rise up to contradict and cancel your purpose, remember who is the author of them and cast your fears behind you, reckoning that he who called you knows just what you are capable of, that he who called you will lay no heavier burden upon you than you are able to bear, and that he is not far away.—J. Stuart Holden.

SUNDAY, 25th. *Be filled with the Spirit! Ephesians 5. 18.*

What we want is enthusiasm. Do not be afraid of it. Some people, the minute you speak about enthusiasm, think it is fanaticism. Do you know what the word enthusiasm means? "In God,"—that is what it means! I have prayed many times that the Lord would let me die before enthusiasm departs from my soul. I want to keep full of fire up to the last.—D. L. Moody.

MONDAY, 26th. *Our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, ... against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places. Ephesians 6. 12 (R. V.).*

The Christian life is not a parade, it is a long campaign. No one can live it who has not the soldier spirit. Are you prepared to run the risk and face the danger?—J. D. Jones.

TUESDAY, 27th. *Bring them hither to me! Matthew 14. 18.*

Are you encompassed with needs at this moment, and almost overwhelmed with difficulties, trials, and emergencies? These are all divinely provided vessels for the Holy Spirit to fill, and if you but rightly understood their meaning they would become opportunities for receiving new blessings and deliverances which you can get in no other way.

WEDNESDAY, 28th. *Thus saith the Lord, ... Call unto me, and I will answer thee! Jeremiah 33. 2, 3.*

There is no time needed to work this telegraph. While we speak he hears. Before we call he answers. The fruition of God is contemporaneous with the desire after God. We have to wait for many of his gifts, never for himself.—Alexander Maclaren.

THANKSGIVING DAY, THURSDAY, 29th. *And David said, Blessed be thou, Lord God of Israel our father, forever and ever! . . . . Both riches and honor come of thee, and thou reignest over all; and in thine hand is power and might; and in thine hand it is to make great and to give strength unto all. Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name! 1 Chronicles 29. 10-13.*

Sometimes it is well for us to count our blessings, and even to write them down, that

we may realize how many we are constantly receiving. I once knew a missionary and his wife who sat down in their little house to count their mercies. Their table was a packing box turned upside down. Their chairs were empty soap boxes. Yet they filled both sides of the paper on which they wrote, and then they clasped hands and sang, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!" We can hardly number our gifts and our dependence upon God until we make plain to ourselves their abundance, and then gratitude becomes almost involuntary.—Floyd W. Tompkins.

FRIDAY, 30th. *Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest! Matthew 11. 28.*

Weary soul, so many years driven to and fro like the panting hart, oh, come and learn this day the lesson that there is a spot where safety and victory, where peace and rest, are always sure, and that that spot is always open to thee,—the heart of Jesus.—Andrew Murray.

Green Pastures and Waters of Rest.

Rev. F. B. Meyer, D. D., London.

NOVEMBER, 1928

Thursday, 1st. Job 17.

At the close of the previous chapter Job had appealed to God to vindicate him. He further presses his plea for this by the three arguments of verse 1. His friends fret and irritate him by insisting that he should confess his sins as the condition of restoration to a happy prosperity. Their provocation is almost intolerable. Will not God vindicate him? Will he not become his surety and strike hands for him? (To "strike hands" was the ancient and customary manner of becoming surety for one who was suspected of crime until he had the opportunity of vindicating himself.) In verse 4 he assures himself that God in any case will not allow them to triumph. In verses 5-7 he pleads that though the sufferings he is enduring have wasted him to a shadow, he dares nevertheless to maintain his integrity. In verses 8 and 9 Job expresses his belief that all upright and thoughtful men will rally around him, and set themselves against the false accusations of his friends. Not only shall he hold on his way, but become even stronger and stronger. The following verses, 10-16, at first sight appear to contradict the hope of vindication at which the sufferer had arrived, but on closer examination they are not inconsistent. They simply accentuate his faith. Even if the worse becomes the worst, and he passes through the ordeal of the grave and descends to Sheol, God will certainly give him ample vindication. "Some day, somewhere, somehow, God will appear for him!"

As we reconsider these two chapters they teach us to believe that the most searching sorrows, whether in our circumstances or our fellow men, will lead and compel us to truer views of God. We may have to climb the altar stairs which slope through darkness to the daylight of his presence. O tried and tempted soul, in your labyrinth of pain dare still to believe that God lives and loves, and that he will ultimately deliver and give you the treasures that can only be discovered in darkness!

Life is not easy, O heavenly Father! Its mysteries often confound us by their perplexity, and threaten to overwhelm. But they cannot sever us from thee or thy love! Therefore, though we descend into the seeming grave of hope, we will believe that even there thou wilt be with us, conducting us out at last into the perfect day! In Christ's name.

Friday, 2nd. Job 18.

Bildad's speech is simply disgraceful for its bitterness. In all this discussion nothing is more cutting and severe than his allusions to Job's supposed character. How he should still pose as his friend passes one's imagination. His threats of death as the king of terrors, and his reference to the brimstone which destroyed Job's flocks, and to the lopping off of his children as branches from the tree of life, strike us as absolutely unpardonable. His earlier speech was full of pressing invitation to repent, and assurances that God would forgive. Job's mouth would soon be filled with laughter, and his lips with song; but here he only threatens Job with God's vengeance.

The commentaries refer to this as the net-speech because in verses 8 to 10 the names of all the nets in common use for various purposes are enumerated. The other verses contain several quotations of Arab proverbs.

Bildad's speech is in one sense true, though not what he intended at the time of delivery.

It is quite true that wicked men do encounter all the pains which Bildad enumerates, but the enumeration was not accurate in its application to Job. This opens up a great issue! When wicked men suffer we cannot but connect their suffering with sin. God blocks their way by a hedge of thorns to arrest their steps and turn them back. The constitution of the universe is to make the way of transgressors hard, and that they may go no further on the road which leads to the destruction of the bottomless pit. But the suffering which befalls God's children is intended to eliminate the dross from their character and testimony, so that the refiner may see his own face reflected in the pure metal of character. No such chastisement is joyous, but grievous, but afterward it worketh the peaceable fruit of righteousness. The tree that bears no fruit is cut down and cast into the fire, but that which gives promise of fruit is pruned, and love holds the knife.

Give us grace, heavenly Father, we beseech thee, that we may bear fruit for thy glory and the refreshment of our fellows, and may we ever trust the love that holds and guides the pruning knife! Through storm and sun, through life and death, lead on, till we see thee as thou art! In Christ's name.

Saturday, 3rd. Job 19.

Job begins his reply to Bildad by reproaching his friends with the shameless injustice of their charges; but why were they so excited? Were not his sufferings a private matter between God and himself (4)? Their theory that suffering was a just retribution was not just. True, God seemed to have subverted him in his cause, but his dealings were regenerative, not retributive.

At verse 7 he turns from his enemies and their charges, and begins once more to dwell on all the aspects and details of his miserable lot. He does not wait for others to interpret them, nor does he interpret them himself, but deals directly with God. Why should he be torn up like a tree from its roots? Why should his maker be his adversary?

At verse 13 he tells of the aversion of his own kindred. One of the saddest ingredients of his cup was that his wife, his kinsfolk, his servants and dependents avoided him. Even the children stood aloof! Nor was this all: there was also the terrible ravage of his disease (20). He knew that physically he was offensive. Surely, under such circumstances his friends would pity him (21), even if they believed that he was branded with the result of sin. Would they not open their hearts to him? Must they continue to pile on their persecutions and accusations? Why should they not be satisfied at the suffering they had already inflicted? But apparently their faces still wore the marks of their harsh judgments and reprobation. Entrenched in their narrow creed they had nothing but austere reprobation for their wicked friend.

In verse 23 Job prepares us for the conclusion which had been silently forming in his heart. So certain was he of being about to enunciate a profound truth that he expresses the desire to have his words chiseled deep into the face of a great rock, where they might abide for ever. Chrysostom has said that if they had been written as he wished time would have obliterated them, but they have been indelibly inscribed on the imperishable records of Holy Scripture to minister comfort to generations. "I know"—certainty. "My goel"—my kinsman. "Liveth"—though I die. "He shall stand"—apparent to all. "At last"—his verdict final. "On this earth"—all who have known my sorrow shall know his vindication. "I shall see God on my side"—whether I am still in the flesh, or not, I shall know and see with my own eyes. Then his detractors would be ashamed!

We thank thee, O lover of men, that thou didst thus reveal thyself to thy much suffering child! And as thou didst appear for him, thou wilt not fail us! In all these things we shall be more than conquerors through thy love.

Sunday, 4th. Job 20.

This speech of Zophar is the bitterest and coarsest of the whole colloquy. There is no argument, and only invective in his speech. Evidently he was deeply annoyed with Job's constant refusal to accept the charges of special sinnership which was the one argument with them all.

In verses 4-11 he describes the punishments which await on sin. The success and prosperity of the wicked are short-lived. The higher a man climbs, the more disastrous his fall. His children will have to plead for mercy from those whom their father had impoverished. Yes, says Zophar oracularly, the sins of your youth are coming back on you, and will go down with you into the dust of death.

In verses 12-22 he takes the example of an epicure who is bent on making the most of a dainty, and says that after the same fashion Job holds his sin as a relish in his mouth, but it will turn to poison and he will have to vomit. Note the wild and baseless charges which he makes against the patriarch, who, according to him, had heaped up wealth by the oppression of the poor!

In verses 23-28 Zophar says that though a sinner may have achieved a good fortune, yet at the very moment he is reveling in it he will be overwhelmed by God's hot anger. He compares Job to a robber, caught in the act, who is pierced by an arrow, but his ill-gotten wealth hidden in the earth is not disclosed until some chance reveals it.

This is the last speech of this second round of speeches. It is wonderful that the

inspired genius to whom we owe these elaborate addresses is so prolific in thought and illustration. These men all harp on the same string, but each makes his own characteristic use of the same materials; and we note how their opposition and invective only drive Job to a clearer apprehension of God.

Should not this characterize us all amid the chances and changes of this mortal life? Let each sorrow, temptation, and failure enable us to understand more perfectly the all-sufficiency of Christ! Even our sins and failures, and not to say our sorrows, should open our hearts to his unsearchable riches and watchful love.

We flee to thee, O Saviour, from all the temptations, sorrows, and difficulties of life, knowing that only in thee can we find that perfect understanding and that infinite sufficiency which we need! Thou seest where we fail, and art ever at hand, not to condemn but to save! How can we thank thee enough, dear shepherd?

Monday, 5th. Job 21. 1-21.

Job's friends had been arguing that special suffering and misfortune indicated the presence of special sin, and that therefore Job was a special sinner. He replies that if the righteous were always compensated by success, then the presence of disaster, calamity, and suffering would obviously indicate special transgression. But in this chapter he shows that one of their premises is mistaken. Look, he says, at the prosperity which often attends wickedness! It is not true that the outward conditions of human life are a fair index of character, because the affairs of a wicked man are often one long summary of success.

The wicked, he says, wax mighty in power; their children are established; their homes are secure. They have said to God, "Depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of thy ways," and yet they spend their days in prosperity. Eliphaz had said that the household of the impure would be desolate, 15. 34. Bildad in 18. 19 and Zophar in 20. 10 had said the same. But it was not so (11, 12). His friends had said that a sinner would come to an untimely and miserable end, whereas after spending his life in prosperity a sinful man might be spared from a lingering illness, such as afflicted Job. In a moment the wicked would go down to Sheol.

Let us honor this man who opens his heart to us as he combats the dread mysteries of human life: a man who was true to his convictions; who clung to God even when God seemed to be his enemy; whose miseries only drove him to larger conceptions of God; and whose faith sprang from the depths of his despair! Listen again to that immortal sentence, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him"! Was not his triumph a triumph of God? Was not his faith fed from the eternal springs? Was not his hope born of the Spirit of the Eternal? O sufferer, thou wilt be well repaid if thou canst pass on to others something of Job's heroic faith! "The liquid drops that you have shed shall come again, transformed to orient pearl!"

Help me, O my Father, as I pass through this stern discipline to believe that what I know not now of thy reasons I shall know hereafter, when in thy light I see light! And as water flowed of old from the smitten rock, so may help to others arise from my bearing of this pain! In Christ's name.

Tuesday, 6th. Job 21. 22-34.

Job carries on his argument that the conditions of life prove nothing as to the character of men. He had already in the earlier part of this chapter proved this to be true, so far as prosperity or otherwise of the outward life was concerned. Bad men prosper, good men suffer. He now proceeds to show that arguments founded on longevity, or painlessness in death, are equally inconclusive. In verses 22-26 he describes the death of a Dives and Lazarus. The former had lived a luxurious life and died a painless death though he had been a notoriously selfish and evil liver. The latter had evidently suffered greatly, but had been possessed by the spirit of Abraham, and went to his bosom. Clearly the painless death of the one did not prove him to be a saint, nor the anguish of the other prove him to be a sinner. Therefore Job's friends were wrong in judging inward character by outward conditions.

At verse 27 Job turns to his friends. He knew what they were thinking about him, and how they were reasoning. They had denounced him as an evil-doer, but the wide experiences of life refuted their premises and conclusions. He now calls in men of wide experience and observation who had had experiences of many races and many lands to corroborate his statements. The answer of these men (30-33) confirms all that he had been affirming. They say that godless despots, lapped in wealth and luxury, are laid in mausoleums, and honored in the memory of posterity. This refutes Bildad's assertion that the wicked leave no trace nor memorial behind.

Thus the second great colloquy ends. The three friends have become more bitter and exasperating in their reproaches, but there is an immense advance in Job's attitude and speech. The more violently they assert that the misfortunes of life are the direct punishment of sin, the more sure he becomes that their theory is baseless. He sees that God will make the righteous glad according to the days in which they have been afflicted, that he will vindicate their integrity, and that they will come forth as gold.

Heavenly Father, we believe that somehow good will be the final goal of ill, that thou wilt not cast away those whom Christ has redeemed, but that at last every winter will

turn to spring, and every dark cloud become irradiated with the light of perfect love!

Wednesday, 7th. Job 22. 1-20.

This last speech of Eliphaz is divided into three sections. He enumerates the sins of which he supposes Job to have been guilty, 2-11; traces these sins to Job's false views of God, 12-20; and depicts the blessedness that would certainly accrue on Job's proper acquaintance with the Almighty, 21-30. We deal now with the two first sections.

Verses 2-11. God is unaffected by personal or mundane considerations. It is no gain to him if men act rightly; no loss if otherwise. He administers the course of events with unbiased judgment. The most upright human judge might almost unconsciously be biased in this direction or that by personal considerations, but no suspicion of that nature could ever be imputed to the Most High. If he permitted or inflicted such sufferings as those through which Job was passing, he must have been aware of sins in Job's life which were carefully veiled from all other eyes. Probably he had been heartless to the poor, inhospitable to the stranger, churlish and selfish. His sufferings were the befitting harvest that he had sown.

Verses 12-20. Eliphaz now proceeds to lay bare the root of all this evil-doing. Evidently Job must have conceived of God as indifferent to the good or ill in human lives. He, in fact, partook of the sins of the people who lived before the Flood, and who said, "God does not know or care. Thick clouds intervene between him and us. He is so engaged in making the circuit of heaven that he is indifferent to what is transpiring below." Job would never be suffering like this unless he had thus sinned. His sins must have been in his heartless treatment of the poor and helpless. He would never have gone so far had he not thought of God as indifferent to what was happening in the world-sphere.

This view was logical if Eliphaz' premises were right. But they were not right, first, because Job had as lofty views of Jehovah as they had, and second, because he had been specially thoughtful of others.

These words may be read by some who have been terribly misunderstood and misjudged. Such will probably be well advised if they hand over their vindication to God. His eyes run to and fro through the whole earth to show himself strong on the behalf of such. As the psalmist puts it, "Their judgment shall be in the noontide."

From the misjudgments and hasty conclusions of our fellows we turn to thee, great searcher of hearts! Thou knowest what men say of us, but thou lovest, thou wilt vindicate such as trust in thee, thou wilt stand for us in the day of trial!

Thursday, 8th. Job 22. 21-30.

This is a beautiful paragraph, though this vision was vitiated, so far as Job was concerned, because it assumed that he, the sufferer, was ignorant of these conditions of a blessed life. Probably he knew by deep experience each feature of this intimate and personal acquaintance with God. For us they are full of suggestion.

"Acquaint thyself with God"! Make friends with him! Learn of him by pondering Scripture, by listening to the experiences of the saints, by personal fellowship! Good will accrue, because that anchorage will hold. "Be governed by the law of his mouth," as it is written in Scripture and on the tablets of conscience! Count all earth's treasures as not worthy to be compared with the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus your Lord! So rich wilt thou be that earthly wealth will be no more essential to thy happiness than the stones which line the bottom of the brook! What gold and precious silver are to other men, God will be to thee. When all is given over to God, God gives himself over to us. We delight ourselves in his company, and lift up our face for face-to-face communion. God will speak with us as a man with his friend. Prayer will be heard. Vows will be made and kept. Holy purposes, resolved in secret, will be realized. The light will illuminate each path of life's outgoing. We shall go through life uplifting others who are downcast or misjudged. And even where souls are not altogether innocent we shall be able to guide them back into the right way. As a matter of fact, Job's prayer at the end of this book availed for his friends who had misjudged him.

Let us stay here for a few moments and ask whether we are following Eliphaz' sound counsel! We probably pray to God, but are we acquainted with him? Do we hold such fellowship as our Lord suggests in John 14, where he speaks of the Father making his home with us? Do we walk with God? Do we count his love our dearest treasure? Do we save the misjudged and misrepresented? Have we sympathy with and are we practising all the Beatitudes? These are, after all, the features of true religion, though enunciated and misapplied in these words of Eliphaz.

Grant us, O our Father, an increased measure of thy Holy Spirit, that we may personally know and appropriate all the possibilities, and more also, which are recited in this chapter! May they not be a vision merely, but a possession! In Christ's name.

Friday, 9th. Job 23.

Those who have studied the literature of mysticism are aware that after the rebirth of the soul, and its purgation and illumination, there comes the dark night of the soul, which constitutes a supreme moral crisis, and the soul is freed from its crave for an emotional knowledge of God. A correlative of this

has been discovered in the bitter accompaniments of the Lord's passion,—the agony of the garden, the "Eloi, Eloi" of the cross. These experiences in our great exemplar testify to that period of darkness through which we pass when we lose the emotion of God's presence and yet cling to God. This may suggest the true key to the understanding of this priceless chapter.

Verses 2-9. Job is sure that if he could but find God he would have no hesitation or fear. He would not shrink from approaching him with his suit, or arguing his case. He believes that instead of confounding him by the brightness of his glory the Almighty would even veil his splendors, would listen, and speak tenderly, and acquit him of the charges made against him by his friends. "There the upright might reason with him, and he would be acquitted by his judge." He does not affirm that he was sinless, but insists that his special sufferings were not indicative of special sinnership, as his friends urged. He gropes after God, quite sure of his presence, and yet he fails to come into vital contact with him.

Verses 10-12. The marginal reading of verse 10 is worth considering, "The way that is with me." It means, "The way in which I habitually walk." This way is God's way, as we learn from verse 11. God is ever going in front of us, and as we follow the way of righteousness, even though we cannot see him we may be sure that we are on his track.

Notice the sublime conviction of this tried soul! Job has caught sight of the final goal of such suffering as his,—"When he has finished this ordeal of cleansing and purification I shall come forth as gold." In other words, suffering is not punitive, but regenerative. The branch is pruned not in anger, but that it may bring forth more fruit. The torch is shaken that it may give better light.

Verses 13-17. Here is the root of his sorrow, that he cannot get at God's inner reasons for the eclipse which had suddenly darkened his life.

Grant us thy grace, we beseech thee, heavenly Father, that amid all the changes and chances of this mortal life we may never question the reason or wisdom of thy dealings with us, but be perfected in faith and hope and love, believing where we cannot see, trusting where we cannot understand! In Christ's name.

Saturday, 10th. Job 24.

Job's own sufferings had made him sensitive to the woes and wrongs of others, which he had not before realized. New thoughts had taken possession of his mind, new depths of misery had yawned before his feet, and he awoke to the sighs and tears of the great masses of the poor, sick, suffering, and oppressed. In sympathy and compassion he thinks of those who steal the flocks of the poor, and the one ass of the orphan, and push the unoffending from their accustomed way and course of life (1-5). He gives a glimpse of the misery to which the abject aborigines of any district are exposed from a stronger tribe. Like wild asses they wander across the desert, searching for roots and herbs to satisfy the cravings of hunger. They are homeless and naked, drenched by the storm, and huddled under the sheltering rock. They carry sheaves, tread the winepress, and express the oil, in which they can have no share (6-11). Nor are these experiences confined to the country. In the city the poor fare no better (12). In verses 13-17 Job enumerates the way of the murderer, the adulterer, and the thief.

In verses 18-24 we see the wicked carried off as by a rushing flood, swallowed up in the dim realms of Hades, broken like a tree in its pride, cut off like the blight of the crops. The wicked have no restraints in life, and do not suffer according to their deserts: but hereafter, like Dives, they lift up their eyes from torment. In all this there is a just retribution. They reap as they sowed. But Job's difficulty was that he had not been guilty of these enormities, and yet he was suffering. But surely his own case proved that there was another side to suffering. It might be punitive, as in the case of those whom he had enumerated and described in this chapter, but it might have an altogether different meaning for those who, like himself, were exposed to a furnace of pain. The true understanding of God's dealings was beginning to break on him! Suffering might be altogether punitive, but it might be intended to refine and purify. Let us ponder these alternatives, and read once more Hebrews 2. 1-13!

Heavenly Father, whatever be our lot or experience at the present hour we look into thy face, believing that thou hast a reason for every moment of suffering which is meted out to us! It is thy hand that leads us to the Mount of Transfiguration or the Garden of Gethsemane. We absolutely trust thy choice, only asking for unwavering faith and increasing love. In Christ's name.

Sunday, 11th. Job 25.

After all their arguments Job's friends come back to Job's own conclusions that you cannot account for God's dealings with men on the basis of their deserts. He has reasons for action beyond our reach. We cannot say that our special sinfulness is the reason for special suffering. God is infinitely holy, he cannot tolerate sin, but he is infinite love, and therefore does not deal with us after our sins, nor does he reward us according to our iniquities; but as the heaven is higher than the earth, so is his mercy towards them that fear him. Let us, therefore, think with Bildad of the greatness and holiness of God!

He is great. The celestial beings that fill his palace are innumerable. There is no

numbering of their armies, but there is not one of them that does not borrow his rays from the Father of lights.

And he is holy. Pure as is light, it is not without stain in the eyes of the pure and holy God. Neither moon nor stars are pure in his sight: how much less are we? The glory of his holiness abashes us until we dare to stand before him clothed in the stainless purity of our Saviour. O son of man, hide thee in the Son of man! So only canst thou endure or meet the infinite God.

When we view the vastness and glory of the nightly heavens, and reflect on the great orbs of light, we may well quote Psalm 8: but after all we are not worms. We were made in the image of God. The Son of God has worn and wears our nature. He deemed us as pearls of great price, to purchase which he laid down his life and shed his precious blood. One day, and perhaps not far away, we shall be recognized before an assembled universe. He will claim us as his jewels. No, we are not worms, but sons and daughters!

We thank and praise thy holy name, O God, that thou hast made us in thy likeness and saved us by the cross! We thank thee that thou hast adopted us into thy family, and made us co-heirs with thy Son. Oh, make us more worthy of our great inheritance! In Christ's name.

Monday, 12th. Job 26.

Neither Job nor his friends had adequately reached to the cause of his sufferings. That great problem still awaits a full reply. We can only guess the explanation, which may consist in Satan's hatred or in our need of spiritual discipline. But apparently both Bildad in the previous chapter and Job in this concur in sublime views of the majesty and glory of God. That majesty is to be seen not only in the heavens and the stars, where Bildad placed it, but in Sheol and Abaddon, the Hadean world; in the earth that hangs in space; in the waters of the floating cisterns of the clouds; and in the moods of the ocean, in storm and calm. Indeed, the whole natural world is pervaded by God's infinite being. Yet the entire volume of creation is only a faint and distant whisper of his majesty! God transcends our furthest and loftiest conceptions.

But this is our Father, who has loved us with an everlasting love, who watches over our every thought, word, and act, and pities us with infinite tenderness! Why do we not live more happy and secure lives? Since he is so great and wonderful we might be more happy. Learn to estimate aright his power and wisdom, and then use these measures of his love and pity and wise handling in all that concerns you! Underneath you are those everlasting arms! On your tiny problems is focused his infinite wisdom! In his silence there is quick readiness to overhear the falling of a tear!

To thee, O God, I come with the weariness and weight of my life! It seems sometimes as though I shall never reach the goal of home. My enemies are so strong, my power so weak. I can only lie back on thy bosom and listen to the throbbing of thine heart, and know that thy pity is as infinite as thy power. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Tuesday, 13th. Job 27.

Dr. Cox, to whom we have been deeply indebted at many points in our expositions of this wonderful book, quotes Godet's opinion of chapters 27 to 31 as "a burst of poetry never surpassed, the most admirable section of the whole book," and declares that though much the hardest to interpret, it is the most accessible to the chastened spirit. As we read on we shall find that the storm of the earlier chapters has passed, the friends are silenced, and the poem is settling into an evening calm.

In verses 2-6 the patriarch again asserts his integrity. He will hold fast to his righteousness, and will not let it go. In the sight of God he would freely confess his sinnership; but he insisted that he was not guilty of the crimes which his critics had insisted he must have committed.

In verses 7-12 he says that a really wicked man has no hope. He carries nothing with him into the life beyond. He never calls on God, or delights himself in the Almighty. On the contrary, Job was awaiting the judgment of the future without fear. He knew that his integrity would be vindicated, and his wrongs redressed. He was constantly calling upon God, and beseeching for the light of his face. His favor and loving-kindness would certainly reveal themselves.

In verses 13-23 we have a delineation of the lot of a wicked man. His house may be richly furnished, and be strong as a fortress, but it will prove to be frail as the moth's cocoon, or the booth hastily prepared by the watchman. Finally, there is the sudden and violent surprise of death. In this terrible description of the end of the wicked Job is still pressing his own vindication, for it was certain then (and, as the sequel proved, still more evident at last,) that none of these calamities had befallen himself.

We too have our great sorrows, but we know they are not punishment, nor only chastisement, but refining and purifying. Above all, nothing can separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ.

O blessed Lord, who hast been tempted, hast suffered even to death, and knowest the anguish of heartbreak, we would not have an easier path than thine! Lead on, we pray thee, through storm and sunshine till we come in sight of home, where thou wilt explain all!

Wednesday, 14th. Job 28.

In his endeavor to assert that the mystery of providence is insoluble by man the patri-

arch gives in verses 1-6 a vivid picture of the miner's art. Even in those early centuries, as is evident in the excavations of Ur and Egypt, there were mines and shafts and melting furnaces to reach, excavate, refine, and mould the hidden treasures of the earth. So dry is the Eastern climate that the marks of tools, four or five thousand years old, are as fresh as though the miners might be returning at any moment. What a contrast verse 5 presents of the brilliant harvest above and the darkness below, lit up in the bowels of the earth by the glow of the miner's lamp!

Verses 7-14. Man's path there is inaccessible both to bird or beast, and nothing can escape his search or resist his power. But clever as he may be in handling the mineral wealth of the earth, he is unable to penetrate to the secrets of the divine wisdom and knowledge. He cannot drive a mine into the infinite thought of God. It is equally unpurchasable (15-19). But though man may not be able to reach these inner mysteries, there is one who knows all. He can teach us the true wisdom, since all creation is due to its exercise (20-27). Is not this what the apostle meant in his reference to the hidden wisdom, which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, but which is revealed to faith, and is realized by the contact of his Spirit with ours? Then verse 28 is the climax of the argument.

We cannot get to the heart of the mysteries which enwrap our lives, but if we dare to trust God absolutely, and obey the promptings of his Spirit, and refuse to listen to the sophisms of Job's friends, we shall come finally to that reverent love which casts out fear, to that instinctive understanding which may not formulate its reasons but clings to God as a little child suddenly waking out of sleep seeks its mother. Such love and faith make evil impossible. We depart from it with a shudder, and shun all contact of conversation or fellowship which is out of harmony with the purity and beauty of God's nature.

May the mysteries of life and death be illumined as we advance, O blessed Spirit, until the entire landscape of God's nature suddenly breaks upon us, without cloud or veil, and the Lamb leads us into the perfect unveiling of God's love, light, and truth! In Christ's name.

Thursday, 15th. Job 29.

A competent expositor says that the three chapters of Job's monologue, 29 to 31, have never been surpassed for grace and pathos, in the charm of picturesque narrative, pensive emotion, and tender retrospect. It is wonderful that the portraiture should be as fresh and beautiful today as when first painted.

Evidently Job was a sheik, i.e., a prince of a great clan, and his estate lay within touch of a large and important city, where he was recognized as the honored and principal citizen (1-10). The 4th verse infers that it was the autumn of his life, the time of mature and ripened years. The respect and love of his fellow citizens counted for much, but the best of all was his consciousness of God's smile. Such was the prosperity of his life that all nature seemed to lay at his feet her richest stores, symbolized as milk and oil.

But while he was universally recognized by the highest citizens, the poor and distressed found in him an unknown friend, a fearless protector, an unbribable judge (11-20). Justice was his delight. Indeed, verse 14 suggests that it was his habitual dress. How far all this was from the charges of 22. 5-9! It seemed as though the temptations and difficulties of earlier life had passed forever. Why should he suppose that God, whom he had served so faithfully, should now turn against him? Surely he would die in his nest! He would be like an unstrung bow.

There was also a beautiful blending in his character of strength and sweetness, of counsel and comfort, of the wise solution of state problems and the winsome care of individuals (21-25).

It is a fair picture. It suggests a high type of character, which deserves to be pondered even in these days of the Christian ethic. We who profess and call ourselves Christians may ask ourselves whether our own lives realize this ancient type. We may not have Job's advantages of wealth, high position, and social prestige, but it is within our province, and should be our practice, to deliver the poor, help the fatherless, and cause the widow's heart to sing for joy. Our habitual dress should be righteousness, and our crown the diadem of a blameless life.

Most holy Father, grant unto us, we pray, the effectual working of thy Spirit, that he may reproduce in us whatsoever things are just, pure, lovely, and of good report, that our lives may be a benediction to all with whom we come into contact! In Christ's name.

Friday, 16th. Job 30.

We are now introduced to another aspect of Job's sufferings (1-15). It was suggested by Ewald and is now generally accepted that the men of whom Job complains were the original inhabitants of the land, who were subjugated by the race to which Job and his family belonged, and were reduced to such degradation that they led a precarious and miserable life. So debased and loathsome were their habits that they were forced out of the fertile plains to the inhospitable mountains, and were feared, hated, and scorned by the more civilized races that had taken their place.

These abject races now made Job their butt. Formerly young men and princes had

owned his authority and shrunk from obtruding themselves upon him, but now he was beset by those whose fathers he would not have made his shepherds. They had been scourged out of the land to the gorges and caves of the mountains, but now they gathered to deride and mock him.

In verses 16-31 we have a fresh outburst of anguish, even to despair. The contrast between the honored past and the despised present is so terrible, so mysterious, so unbearable! He had looked for a blessed and peaceful ending of his life, but instead there was the blackness of midnight unlit by a single star. The joyous notes of life's music are broken by harsh discords (31). Instead of the triumphal march, the dirge and requiem. We are reminded of the exiles who could not sing the Lord's song in a strange land, but hung their harps on the willows as they remembered Zion.

O sad hearts that dwell on the blessed past, contrasting it with the bitterness and loneliness of the hour, dare to wait to see the end of the Lord, for he is very pitiful!

We trust thee, heavenly Father, that thou wilt not suffer thy own children to see corruption, but wilt raise us from the grave of our sorrow, and yet show us the path of life and joy! We shall yet praise thee for the light of thy countenance. Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Saturday, 17th. Job 31. 1-23.

Verses 1-12. This paragraph reminds us of the beatitude, "Blessed are the pure in heart," which stands out like some soaring Alp, snowgirt and sunlit. But, thank God, it is not inaccessible! If Job was able to speak thus, surely we may who remember how the Lord reached forth his hand and touched the leper, saying, "I will: be thou clean!" What was true of him physically may be true of us all spiritually. As Christians we certainly must not come short of the example and boast of the patriarch, remembering (first) that our bodies are the temples of the Holy Spirit, who will keep them clean, and (secondly) that in the first suggestion of evil we should turn to our Lord, claiming his purity. It is not enough to say, "Help me!" unless we mean "Save me!" "Thy purity, Lord!" is our talisman of victory in the hour of trial.

Verses 13-23. Passing from his private to his public life Job says that he was always sensible of the community of nature between himself and all others, and that he held all his privileges and possessions as sacred trusts on the behalf of others. The more helpless and destitute a man might be, the more ready he was to stand his friend. Even if an employee in his home had a grievance he would gladly endeavor to redress it. When days of famine or privation arrived he would share his last morsel with the fatherless. The eyes of the widow brightened when he came to relieve her loneliness and need. The fleeces of his flocks were flung around the naked, and the fatherless might depend on his advocacy in the court of justice. In all this he felt able to challenge heaven itself if he were not speaking the simple truth.

We may go quietly through these verses testing ourselves and asking whether as Christians our code, character, and behavior are always on as high a level as those of this Arabian patriarch.

Lord Jesus, who by thy teaching and example hast set us so lofty a standard of Christian living, wilt thou grant us grace that we may walk worthily of thy high calling and live pure and holy lives which may realize to some degree thine own holy example!

Sunday, 18th. Job 31. 24-40.

Let us beware against making gold our god (24, 25)! Our delight, like Job's, must ever be to rise above the lure of money and the pride of wealth. Our aim should be to delight in the Almighty, and to administer our wealth for the good of others.

Among the ancient Arab tribes the worship of the sun, moon and stars was common, but in Job's day truer views prevailed, and it was a public offence to throw a kiss to the rising sun, or to the moon as she walked through the heavens by night (26-28). We are delivered from such superstition, but we may ask ourselves whether we are as assiduous in the worship of God in Christ as Muslims and Hindus in their devotions.

We must see to it also that we do not take pleasure in the misfortunes of our enemies (29, 30). We must not, if even Job's standard is our rule, exult in our own prosperity at their expense, nor in the sufferings of our opponents.

Hospitality has always characterized the Arab life (31, 32). Even today the Arab tent always welcomes the stranger for the night. This is imperative in the vast desert spaces of the East. Without doubt it was a constant practice in the early church, as is evident in Paul's epistles. In these days of rapid transit by day or night, and with the abundance of hotels, it is less necessary, but there are other methods of showing hospitality than shelter under our roof.

The story of Adam hiding himself among the trees of the Garden had evidently penetrated the traditions of his race, and Job affirms that he would not have sought to cloke his sin, supposing, as his friends had suggested, that he was guilty (33, 34). Sincerity is one of the noblest traits of a great character.

God had seemed to be Job's adversary, but somehow Job did not fear him (35-40). He had nothing to hide, but he longed to understand. All he craved for was a clear atmosphere of mutual confidence in which he might understand the mysteries of his

experience. So far as he knew himself, he felt that his fatherland had no reason to be ashamed of him.

Grant us grace, O heavenly Father, so to live that we may not be ashamed to meet thee at the last! Not that we are sinless, but because, having been forgiven by the grace of Christ, we have sought to walk before thee in holiness and righteousness, and to fulfil thy great purpose in our lives. In Christ's name.

Monday, 19th. Job 32.

Amid the crowd of bystanders who had been listening eagerly to this great debate on the ways of God was Elihu, a young man who had with difficulty restrained himself. He could keep silence no longer, and when Job had finished his summing up of the long debate he broke in to express the convictions of the young manhood of his time.

He first addresses Job and his friends, 6-14, and then turns to the crowd, 15-22. He explains that the impulse to utter the truth revealed to him was so irresistible, that he could no longer restrain himself. The spirit within constrained him.

This is as true today as in that distant age. The coming generation breaks in upon us older folks with fresh apprehensions of divine truth, sometimes chiding our obtuseness, and swept along with an irresistible impulse. Let them have their say, so long as the purity of their motive is evident! Our Lord told us that new wine must be put in new bottles.

> Slowly the Bible of the race is writ.
> Each race, each kindred, adds a verse to it,—
> Texts of despair, or hope, or moan.
> Still at the prophet's feet the nations sit!

His main contribution to the debate is that suffering is intended to be medicinal, corrective, and fruitbearing. It is not, as Job's friends said, wholly punitive, nor as Job thought mysterious and inexplicable. Elihu believed that God may chasten in love as well as in anger, to quicken and prune. He does not hesitate to cause pain, but as our Lord put it the pruning-knife is employed that the tree may yield more fruit.

Let us listen to the young manhood which speaks through Elihu! It often chimes with our deepest experiences. God speaks at sundry times and in diverse manners, now by a Barnabas and then by a Stephen, now in words that soothe and presently that remonstrate and chasten, now by Eliphaz and then by Elihu. Be it so! Speak, Lord! Only speak to my heart! To hear thee I have stilled and quieted my soul as a weaned child.

Give us, O Lord, we beseech thee, the quiet and tender heart, that we may detect thy voice from whatever quarter, and come to know and understand thy thought and will! Above all, give us the quick scent in thy fear which shall discriminate truth from error, and greet the truth from whatever source!

Tuesday, 20th. Job 33. 1-22.

Elihu now turns from friends and bystanders to address Job himself. Young as he is, and deficient in such wisdom as age and experience give, he speaks under the direct inspiration of the Almighty.

In verses 3-11 he sums up the statements which had fallen from Job's lips to the effect that as he was free from known sin God had dealt with him harshly and unreasonably.

In verses 12-14 he rebukes Job for saying that God is indifferent to human appeal for guidance, explanation, and help. There is, he says, a sweet reasonableness in God's dealings with each human soul, and he speaks in more ways than one.

The first method of God's approach to the soul is through the visions of the night, 15-18. Perhaps in these rushing times we are less subject to such visitations than in more quiet ages when heart and mind were less preoccupied. The dream of the dear home of childhood, of mother, of the beckoning hand of the innocent child, or the warning voice of minister or friend, has often arrested the startled soul from entering the path which would lead to a wilderness or the pit. The night's stillness is good for hearing God's voice. The night's darkness is good for detecting the eternal light.

There is a second method of divine approach, 19-22. God speaks to men by pain. He corrects and chastens through suffering. There is no school in which we learn so much or so quickly as in the school of pain. Pain has been compared to an angel in disguise, sent to disclose the thought of God in hours of weariness and anguish. All other angels faint and tire, but pain lingers through long weeks, or months, or years, doing inestimable service which we fail to appreciate, and often repay with sour look and harsh address. But some day the veil will be dropped, and the light of a transfigured face shall be reflected as from a mirror. Then we shall know that behind the mask of suffering our Lord himself had been working out his purpose. He could bear our groans and turn a deaf ear to our appeals in view of the hour when we should understand that behind the angel guise had been the Lord himself.

O wonderful Saviour, who lovest with an everlasting love, may we get behind people and things and suffering and pain to find thee daring to inflict pain because thou lovest us too well to permit us to miss the best!

Wednesday, 21st. Job 33. 23-33.

This paragraph reveals the third method of the divine approach to the soul of man. The intuition of a dream or impression, the audience chamber of sickness, and now the messenger!

The word angel expresses the idea of messenger, ambassador, teacher, or prophet. Any man or woman who lives in touch with God may become an angel-messenger to some outworn and distracted soul. Such an one is one of a thousand: in other words, there is a great company of such teachers and interpreters who are qualified to do this work. Probably some who read these lines may humbly claim to be numbered among that thousand.

Our starting point in dealing with a distraught soul is to remind it that in the person of our Lord God has provided a ransom. We have been redeemed not with silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ; and surely if the eternal Father has done so much we may without hesitation believe that he loves us, and is dealing not in anger, but in love. When once that sublime truth is realized the sufferer is restored to health in soul and body. Youth is renewed. As a little child looks into his father's face with a smile, so the forgiven soul looks into God's face with cries of joy. He is no longer the judge or avenger, but the father; and in that glad hour the soul stands before the eternal holiness clad in the imputed righteousness of Christ.

In verses 27 and 28 we have the song of the restored and grateful penitent. Note the distinction between "I" and "He"! "I have sinned—He hath redeemed my soul"; "I have perverted that which was right: my life shall behold the light."

In verses 29, 30 we are assured that this gracious dealing of God with one individual is not to be considered an abnormal and singular instance of the love of God. This grace is not only repeated in the case of many penitents, but it is capable of repetition more than once or twice in the history of each individual.

Job seems to have made some gesture as though he would answer, but apparently he resisted the impulse to reply, and allowed Elihu to proceed (31-33).

Write on our hearts, O heavenly Father, these deep and wonderful words, that we may realize the unsearchable riches of thy forgiving and sanctifying grace! May we look into thy face with joy, stand before thee in the robes of our Saviour's righteousness, and learn the first notes of the eternal song! In Christ's name.

Thursday, 22nd. Job 34. 1-19.

In this chapter Elihu addresses the bystanders who had been eagerly listening to this debate on a subject of universal interest. He appeals to them repeatedly, 2, 10, 16, 34. In handling the great theme of God's righteousness and his justice in dealing with human affairs he speaks with deference before aged men who had already considered God's dealings with mankind, and had arrived at profound conclusions of their own.

Job had challenged God's justice, 5-9. Elihu takes up this challenge, and in doing so questions Job's right to sit in judgment on the Almighty, 10-15. He was too great to be actuated by any lower motives of fear or favor. He argues that since God had set his heart on man, and had called the universe into being as an expression of his yearning love, it was impossible to believe that he would allow needless pain and suffering, except as these were necessary for human education and training. He had no wish that man should turn again to dust. For him to entertain such a thought would be inconsistent with his holy nature. "Of a surety, God will not do wickedly, neither will the Almighty pervert judgment." However painful suffering such as Job's might be, it was not inconsistent with the love or justice of God, who had called him into being. Divine holiness and love were behind it all. Note here the harmony with Hebrews 11. 5-13: "My son, faint not when thou art reproved! God dealeth as father with child."

In verses 16-20 Elihu argues that if the ruler of the universe were to act unreasonably and unjustly the empire must necessarily have passed into oblivion. Injustice is fatal to authority. If God were unjust, as Job had almost suggested, and had inflicted penalty on a righteous man, there would be universal dissolution. "God respecteth not princes, nor regards the rich more than the poor. His righteousness is unimpeachable."

Let us thank God that our salvation is based foursquare on his righteousness (Romans 3. 25, 26)!

O holy Father, we thank thee for saving us, and in saving us thou hast magnified thy righteousness in the sight of the universe! Righteous and true are thy ways, thou king of the ages!

Friday, 23rd. Job 34. 20-37.

Elihu continues his theme, that suffering is intended for our discipline and training.

Verses 20-28. Foremost in his dealings with men the Almighty considers their treatment of the poor and afflicted. It is a terrible thing when the cry of the poor and oppressed arises to God. He may spare for a time, but in the end he will mete out justice. Is not that what we know as Nemesis? No darkness or shadow of death can hide the workers of iniquity, or the merciless and tyrannical. Sooner or later they are broken in pieces, and their places are filled by others. "In the open day they are stricken down!"

Verses 29-33. But the same great ruler of the universe, who holds the balances and weighs each human life, loves the humble and meek. When he gives quietness, who can condemn? We are reminded of those great words of Paul, Romans 8. 34, "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who, at the right hand of God, makes intercession for

us." Satan may try and make trouble as he dwells on the weaknesses of our characters and the ease with which we yield to temptation, but

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!

Chastisement is not the same thing as punishment. Ask him to reveal your iniquity, that you may not grieve him any longer! Ask that his grace may abound, where sin has abounded too long! And let your choice be definite, that his chastening be not in vain! Choose! Choose God's way! Choose it now!

Verses 34-37. Elihu now turns from Job to the thoughtful men who are standing around. He says that the patriarch had spoken without knowledge, and in fact deserves still further discipline. Indeed, in Elihu's opinion, by his complaints he had even multiplied his words against God. This was a harsh judgment, but we are all liable to speak thus. We see the mote in our brother's eye more readily than the beam in our own. Few of us can sit in judgment on others without condemning ourselves.

Great Saviour, we are deeply conscious of our readiness to judge others, instead of judging ourselves! Make us more careful, more reliant on thy teaching and Spirit! Since we are so weak and fallible, oh teach us to be merciful in our judgments, that we may obtain mercy!

Saturday, 24th. Job 35.

Elihu takes up a statement made by Job, to the effect that the righteous fare no better than others through their righteousness, and this chapter contains a threefold answer to that challenge.

In verses 1-8 he says that God is so highly removed above us that he gains nothing by human obedience, and loses nothing by disobedience: and there is no reason therefore for him to interfere with the ordinary outworking of our lives. In this we must remember that we are only listening to a philosophical debate, and are not to accept this as divine truth. In fact, our Lord taught that not a sparrow falls to the ground without God's notice, and that the hairs of our head are numbered. "Shall not God avenge his own elect?"

Verses 9-13. But Job is supposed to reply that the lions roar for food from God, the cattle low in their thirst, the young ravens cry when their parents desert them: why then is God not equally quick to answer the cry of one so diseased and distressed as the patriarch was? Under Job's awful sufferings, had he no claim to be heard? Might he not expect help, and that God, his maker, would give songs in the night? No, says Elihu, there are lessons of faith and trust to be learnt which neither the beasts nor the birds can comprehend. God's chastenings are to make us partakers of his holiness. He will not be moved by vain repetitions, but will lead us into deeper secrets if only we will trust him. He will not listen to vain reproaches, but will bind up the broken hearts.

But there was a still deeper reason, 14-16. Job's case was not finished with. No final verdict had been given. If God had not said Yes, he certainly had not said No. The arrogant demand for an immediate answer was unreasonable and inconsistent with God's wise providence.

This is specially applicable to our own experience. Like the sisters at Bethany we send an urgent message to our Lord to come without delay, but he remains for two days in the place where he was. How great an effort it must have been for our Lord to continue his absence from that agonized home! But his delays are not denials. He waits only that he may work a greater miracle. When the hour is come he will turn the water of tears into inexpressible delight.

Great Father, give us, we pray thee, a more absolute faith in thyself, that we may never doubt thy dealings with us! We know thou lovest us, for thou gavest thy Son to die, and with him thou wilt freely give us all things in thine own time and way. In the meanwhile, let thy peace keep our hearts! In Christ's name.

Sunday, 25th. Job 36. 1-16.

Verses 1-5. In this his fourth and last discourse Elihu contends that though we cannot solve all the secrets of the divine character and government we must never forego our faith in his absolute righteousness. Let us dare to ascribe righteousness to our maker, though his ways are past finding out! The holiest men have never hesitated here, though they have sometimes had to avow their faith amid the fires of persecution and suffering. They who have gotten victory over the beast, his image, and the number of his name, standing in the dawn when the sea of time has been crossed, having the harps of God, will sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, saying, "Just and true are thy ways, Lord God almighty, thou king of saints!"

Verses 6-11. Various types of character are weighed at his judgment seat. The wicked forfeit their right to live. The poor obtain their rights. Every step of the righteous is carefully watched and cared for. Indeed, they fare as kings, established and exalted. If the righteous soul has turned away from the usual path, and fallen into the net of affliction and sorrow, even then the Spirit of God draws near and shows such a one where he has transgressed and behaved proudly. By the still small voice of conscience he has often spoken to men's hearts, and has commanded them to return

from their iniquity. Oh, what joy is ours when we return to him with penitent and obedient hearts: for from that moment happy days and pleasant years return! Whereas his face was hid for the moment, he now rejoices to display his gladness, as when the prodigal's father made merry in Luke 15.

Verses 12-16. Elihu now describes the unhappy fate of such as refuse to profit by God's discipline. They hurl themselves on his sword, and heap up wrath against the day of wrath. They die amid the strength and beauty of their youth, and their life ends in shame.

If any backsliders read these words, let them turn to Elihu's pleading in verse 16! God awaits the first sign of penitence to remove them out of straitness into a broad place.

Deep down in our hearts, O Father, there is yearning for restoration to the liberty and joy of the children of the bridal chamber! Though often our hearts seem petulant and hard, we long for thee, and pray thee not only to speak in warnings and rebukes, but to lead us once more into the light and love of thy countenance! In Christ's name.

Monday, 26th. Job 36. 17-33.

Verses 17-21. Elihu now turned to rebuke and warn the patriarch for his harsh judgments. He condemned him as having taken part with the wicked, and urged that his wealth would not suffice to buy him off from the penalty he deserved. His continued insistence on his innocence, his challenge of the ways of God, his repudiation of the discipline to which he had been subjected, seemed to constitute an irreparable and unpardonable sin. Gold would not purchase deliverance, nor the forces of obstinate resistance. Let him put away iniquity, and choose rather suffering than sin!

Verses 22, 23. From these pleadings with Job Elihu utters a magnificent description of the divine majesty and glory which extends through the next chapter. It begins with the great announcement that there is no teacher like God. This chimes with the special promise of the Holy Spirit. "He shall teach you all things," said our Lord. There is undoubtedly, for those who live and walk in the Spirit, an inner voice; and blessed are they who can stand still in the silence!

Verses 24-33. It would seem that at this point the heavens were becoming overcast, and the clouds were gathering for the storm which is described in the next chapter. Elihu and his hearers behold it from afar. Who can explain all the mysteries of dew, and the vapors which make the rain-clouds, and the spreadings of the clouds in the nimbus, cumulus, strata, and cirri, "the patines of the sky"? We cannot explain the collision of the thunder clouds, the thunderings of heaven's pavilion, or the storms that rend the ocean. Whilst Elihu is discoursing thus the light is covered, the windows of the sky are darkened, and the cattle instinctively seek shelter from the storm which is coming up, 33.

May we not apply this picture of the gathering storm of nature to ominous signs which even threaten the hopes aroused by the signing of the Pact of Peace? But God knows best the way by which the advent of our Lord can be prepared. May that Pact hasten it! It is a gracious omen and pledge.

Give peace in our time, O Lord, we beseech thee, that time may yet be given for worldwide conviction, conversion, and salvation, and that the days of Emmanuel may be hastened, when swords shall be exchanged for sickles! In the meanwhile, we thank thee for this wonderful advance of humanity to thy ideal!

Tuesday, 27th. Job 37.

This description of a storm is unparalleled in literature. The sound of distant thunder is as the preliminary summons from the lips of the creator and ruler of earth and sky. The lightning flash illumines the skirts of the earth. Listen to the thunder,—it's a roar, a majestic and marvelous utterance of the Almighty! But we do not understand the language of the elements.

Verses 6-18. The creation of the snow, of the passing shower, of the torrential rain, of the feltering frost, which conform to his choice and guidance, and the reasons which determine them, whether for correction or for mercy, are equally hidden from our mortal vision. We were not there when he spread out the sky. Nor were we with him when he created all things in and through Jesus Christ, or forged the iron of the nails that were to pierce his hands and feet. How useless and hopeless it is to endeavor to explore and explain his dealings with mankind!

Verses 19-24. Teach us, O Spirit of God, what we shall say! We hold our speech, and can only believe that thou hast made us, and thou art just. "If mortal man speak, he shall be surely swallowed up." But look! The wind is chasing away the clouds! Patches of the blue sky are appearing! The face of the heavens is being cleansed! Out of the north a golden splendor is spreading! Fair weather is breaking! Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him! O my God, my soul was cast down, but I remember that Jesus still rules the waves, and when he comes,—

> "Heaven above is softer blue,
> Earth around is sweeter green:
> Something shines in every hue
> Christless eyes have never seen."

Elihu's speech ends with words that have been uttered all down the ages. We cannot

find God out, or decipher his reasons, but we know that whom he loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. He has lessons to teach which can only be learnt in darkened rooms. He is just, and though he does not explain his reasons to those who count themselves wise, he will whisper them to the humble and meek.

Heavenly Father, many storms have swept over our lives, but thou holdest the winds in thy fist, and the waters in the hollow of thine hand! Therefore will we not fear, though the mountains be buried in the sea. Illumine our darkness with the light of thy countenance! For Christ's sake.

Wednesday, 28th. Job 38. 1-38.

The comment which I feel led to make here may not be understood by all my readers, but please forgive if, instead of commenting on these interrogations, I deal with the reality that lies behind all such natural scenes!

Each phenomenon in the physical universe hides a great thought of God. It is the expression of something that God's Spirit wants to say, and it should be our highest aspiration to acquire those deep lessons of the eternal mind which are hidden from the wise and prudent, the philosophers and scientists, but revealed to babes. Perhaps our fundamental mistake is that we do not realize that in nature God is trying to say something to us. We must learn to penetrate to his secrets! There is in nature "a still small voice." Everything on the physical plane is a shadow, symbol, or manifestation of something beyond the physical and material, and in our quiet hours the hum of bees, the rustle of the wind in the trees, the ripple of a stream, the distant sound of lowing cattle, the withdrawal of a wave down the pebbled beach, the phenomena of the heavens, may awaken thoughts too deep for tears, and bring us back to the simplicity and serenity which the rush of life has marred by jarring discords.

To put it in a nutshell, we often say that through nature we may climb up to nature's God. Directly we employ that word "climb" it suggests that all the effort is on our part, whereas—if we could believe it,—the almighty Father is coming down to us to speak with our hearts, and we should assume Samuel's attitude, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!"

It has been said, and said truly, that the whole of creation is the materialization of the thoughts of God. Nature received and retains—where man does not spoil,—the impress of his mind; and when once we are in harmony with the creator we understand why heaven itself mingles the song of creation with that of redemption, saying: "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power, for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created!" This also supplies the key to our Lord's parables, so many of which are founded on natural emblems.

Heavenly Father, we pray thee to give us loving and childlike hearts, that we may see thyself in the works of thy hands! We read thee best in the Son of thy love.

Thursday, 29th. Job 38. 39 to 39. 30.

The wonders of which Job speaks have been marvelously augmented by modern science. Take one or two instances!

In the primeval woods of Central America there is a family of grasshoppers which together give out a sound like the roaring of the sea, and can be heard to the distance of a mile. These insects weigh less than the hundredth part of an ounce, and the instrument by which the noise is made weighs less than one-tenth of the insect, yet it is found that this small instrument is able to move at an enormous rate of vibrations per second, and keep in motion for hours.

We are told that the wings of a dragon fly vibrate about two hundred times per second.

If we cut off the extreme end of the point of the finest needle we obtain a particle of steel which is hardly visible to the naked eye: yet that small speck contains thousands of atoms. Radio-activity has discovered that each of these atoms is a great family, made up of bodies like those of the solar system, and whose rate of motion is comparable only to light.

Such are some of the modern examples which we could add to these enumerated by Job. The age that invented the telescope invented the microscope. It is well, else we might have thought that our busy existence could hardly be a concern to the Almighty; but now we realize that there is not only an infinity above, but an infinity below and within. How great a comfort is here! None of us, however unworthy or small, is outside God's thought and care. But how great is God, and how greatly to be praised, and how unsearchable his greatness! Read again Isaiah 40. 1-28, and remember that the everlasting God, the Lord, the creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary!

O great and wonderful God, what a wonder that thou carest for us, not only that we are insignificant, but that we have sinned! Thou hast not only created and sustained us, but thou hast redeemed us with the precious blood of Calvary. We adore thee! Great as is thy power, thy love outspans it!

Friday, 30th. Job 40. 1-14.

The repeated enumeration of the wonders of creation silences us. Behold, we are vile as contrasted with its purity, and of small matter when measured by its immensity! Our excellency, honor, and beauty are of no account as we stand in the fierce light of God's purity.

"Oh, how shall I whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,

Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam?"

But Luke 4. 16-19, as Alexander Whyte once reminded his congregation, was the text of our Lord's first sermon, and he said truly that you will not understand one single sentence of that sermon unless you recognize yourself as poor, broken-hearted, and in captivity. Then and then only will you bear him witness, and will wonder at the gracious words which proceed out of his mouth. It is they who can say with Job's deep pathos, "Behold, I am vile," and who lay their hand on their mouth, refusing to argue or complain or protest, to whom God opens his secrets and whom he blesses with "twice as much as they had before."

Go to him with your broken heart! Do not argue! Do not question! Do not complain! No one else can heal you. Indeed, no one else can understand you.

The awful need of the soul which may be standing bankrupt and hopeless in the presence of catastrophe upon catastrophe should often be in the mind of our ministers and teachers. After all, the sermons which are likely to live are not those which vie with literary reviews, essays, and speeches, but which deal with the heart of man which, in its secret depths, may be questioning the existence and love of God, or be bewildered by discussions like those which have been occupying us in our study of this book.

O Lord, wilt thou pour out of thy Spirit on thy servants the ministers and teachers of this generation, that they may be led to deal with the grave questions of the soul, and to unfold that healing of heart and conscience which can alone be effected by the leaves of the tree of life! In Christ's name.

(After Job, the Gospel of John.)

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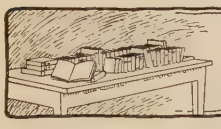

Our Book Table

Books give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race.—W. E. Channing.

S. François de Sales, 1567-1622, by E. K. Sanders. Macmillan Co., New York. 304 pages. $3.75.

The subject of this biography is one of the constructive figures in Roman Catholic church history, having established an order of nuns. In this book, however, it is rather his character as a true saint of God that shines forth, and it is in this aspect that the book will prove helpful to all readers.

The author is an Anglican, and the work is singularly free from matter offensive to non-Romanists. There is only a slight trace of Mariolatry, and of course it is free from modern accretions in dogma and practice. It is frank in its references to the abuses of the monasteries, and other weaknesses. But God and our Lord occupied S. François' direct thought and worship all along. Indeed, one realizes that the biographer does not give a full picture. Except for one early experience, when his extreme view of the heresy of Protestantism led him to advocate force to turn back the heretics to Romanism, there is not a thing in the book to sully the holy character and common sense and hard work that made up his life. But he was a persecutor of Protestants. Still the book presents an uplifting study of a truly wonderful life.

François (Francis) was of noble lineage, and was born in 1567 in Savoy. His home life and schooling were such as became his noble estate. His mother had dedicated him to God's service, and exercised a gracious influence over him as he naturally turned toward the religious life. His travels and higher education at the universities of Paris and Padua, his natural gaiety and artistic nature, ensured a broad experience which made a good foundation for a generous priesthood.

His home was not far distant from Geneva, where Calvinism had been established for half a century. The Reformation had triumphed in Savoy, indeed, the Romanist bishop was driven from Geneva and set up his throne in exile at Annecy not far from

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES

Francis' home. When he became a priest he volunteered for a mission among the Calvinists, and spent some years in most difficult and discouraging labors before he reaped a harvest. In 1602 he was consecrated bishop of Geneva, which post he retained to the end of his life, though more lucrative and distinguished offices were offered him. True to his convictions and teachings, he had no earthly ambitions.

One can learn from his indefatigable labors as he visited throughout his mountainous diocese and managed its affairs. The outstanding feature in his public ministry seems to have been the Lenten preachings in different cities, including Paris. He was distinguished as a preacher for the sincerity and deep spirituality of his messages. Thirsty souls in a dry age quickly responded to his call. And he was a father confessor at the best. His constant endeavor was to win souls, and to guide them aright.

His chief message was "the possibility of following Christ without fleeing from the conditions of ordinary life": the sanctification of everyday life. This was to be achieved by "realization of the indwelling of Christ." "A vigorous and constant soul can live in the world without receiving any worldly taint." "Delight in the use of God's gifts may be purified till it becomes an aid to growth in grace."

He believed that devotion should be made attractive. Thus, men and women who sought his guidance were advised to dress well according to their social standing. "Ill-fitting gowns hinder the cause of religion." Paint and powder were not forbidden if used in one's social set.

"Everything by love, nothing by force" was his later policy. Hence, patience and gentleness in dealing with erring souls and with abuses and difficulties in church life. Even in controversial tracts he showed gentleness with the Calvinists when denunciation was the usual course.

His own consecration was expressed in such terms as this: "I live in entire peace of heart, resolved to labor henceforward faithfully and diligently for the glory of God, offering myself first of all, and afterward all that is entrusted to me." Later in life the "servant" of God became the "slave" of God, the heart surrendered the heart united, nothing of self and wholly God's.

"Ask nothing and refuse nothing" became another rule of his life, arising out of a genuine spirit of humility and selflessness.

Bishop Francis was a prolific writer of personal letters, tracts and books. Two books —"Introduction to the Devout Life" and "Treatise on the Love of God,"—are among the priceless treasures of undying devotional literature. Some 80 and 60 pages respectively are given to the origin and content of these two books. "Heart speaks to heart, the tongue only to ears": many aphorisms like this are quoted from the bishop's writings.

The order of nuns that S. Francis founded was the Order of the Visitation. Here again he showed his simple, kindly nature in that the order was originally "intended for women and maidens who by reason of bodily infirmity or incapacity to face severe austerity" would not be accepted in any of the existing orders, while there was a needy work they could do. They were to give themselves to prayer and ministry to the sick in their homes. The rules and practices of holy living that he followed himself were set before the nuns. Indeed, several striking chapters in the book tell how different ladies

fell under the bishop's influence, and came to devote themselves to the religious life, their guidance enlarging the bishop in his own vision and understanding of holiness. Nothing is finer in the whole book than the way in which he stepped from under the mother-founder of the order when he felt she was far enough advanced in the interior life, leaving her to deal direct with God.

We think there are few men and women who are treading in the path of holiness but will find that S. Francis can open new vistas to them. The book leaves a sweet and wholesome taste, and tempts one to repeated browsing in it.—F.

Of Missionary Interest.

Bhikshugita, The Mendicant's Song: The Story of a Converted Miser, by Justin E. Abbott, Summit, N. J. 200 pages.

This unique volume is the third in Dr. Abbott's series on the poet-saints of Maharashtra, the first being Bhānudās, the second Eknāth, the great-grandson of Bhānudās and one of the greatest of the Maratha poet-saints. It contains Dr. Abbott's translation of Eknāth's expansion in Marathi of the Sanskrit story from the Bhāgavata Purāna. Although the Sanskrit original contains but 62 stanzas, the Marathi version reaches with the commentary of Eknāth to 1004. It therefore throws "light on his own character and his viewpoint of the ideals of human life."

The poet Eknāth belonged to the 16th century. His version of this ancient story, the Bhikshugita, has great popularity in the Maratha country.

In this chapter from the greatest of the Purānas, Krishna, in his delight in the question of Uddhava as to the way to obtain peace of mind, relates to him the story of one who over a hard path sought and found this pearl of great price. In this parable the way to the far country of the soul was not through prodigality, but its opposite, a miserliness so extreme as to "o'erleap itself" and bring upon the miser the loss of all things and the uttermost misery and distress. When he comes to himself, in the depths of penitence he abhors his former avarice and prays for deliverance. Krishna lights for him the lamp of knowledge, and by means of right-thinking and the discard-of-worldly-things he is led to seek the supreme-spiritual-riches. Becoming a wandering ascetic, he suffers utmost persecution with a calm and unruffled spirit, and finds the secret of peace of mind in trust in God.

To the Christian mystic this touching parable of another faith will have both charm and significance. Its dissertations on the evils arising from the pursuit and the misuse of wealth are certainly both practical and timely for all peoples and all lands today. It is a worthy chapter of an Indian version of the Pilgrim's Progress.

"While Western readers may differ from the philosophy developed in the Song of the Mendicant, no one can read it without feeling an inspiration for higher living and for a nobler effort to reach the ideals of life. Eknāth's wish that the reading of his version of the Bhikshugita might bring peace to those troubled by the turmoils of this worldly life is sure to be realized in some degree by every reader, be he of the East or the West, because of its spirit, breathing the very peace it teaches."

The book contains also the Marathi text of the Bhikshugita in the edition of Pāngārkar, 1915, and a glossary of many Marathi words and phrases.—L. M. N.

China and World Peace: Studies in Chinese International Relations, by Mingchien Joshua Bau. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 194 pages. $2.

Chinese national spirit and aspirations had already waked up in the midst of the humiliations and spoliations by the European powers imposed by the diplomatic relations of the 19th century when in 1911 the Manchu dynasty, realized to be the true source of weakness, was overturned and the republic established. But it was the killing of unarmed students and other civilians by the British police at Shanghai on May 30, 1925, that lighted the spark that set the whole nation afire. Four chief inequalities have since been at issue,—tariff control, extra-territoriality, land concessions and settlements, and treaty relations.

The whole story is reviewed in this book, the issues clearly stated, the dates and chief events given, and copies of important international documents to date. So it is not only a book for understanding current relations and conditions, but also a book to keep on the library shelf for future reference.

David Livingstone, Explorer and Prophet, by Charles J. Finger. Doubleday, Doran and Co., Garden City, N. Y. 300 pages. $2 net.

This is a thriller! The writer is himself an explorer of wide experience, author of a dozen books, and an acceptable magazine writer. Pure interest in Livingstone through reading his "Missionary Travels" and other books, with a firm belief in Livingstone's sincerity and courage and noble character, led this explorer to write this vivid narrative.

Narrative it is, with only limited explanation and interpretation, for Mr. Finger's attitude is that Livingstone's "deeds will show to any alert mind what he was to the core of him." It is a grand book to afford acquaintance with a great man of God.

Deeds Done for Christ, by James Marchant. Harper and Brothers, New York. $2.50.

Sir James Marchant is a good writer and

a skilled user of words. The title of the book gives a new and inspiring slant to the contents. Usually it would be called a collection of brief biographies of outstanding persons in church history. Sir James suggests the heroic angle of their lives.

About 50 persons appear in these pages, beginning with some early martyrs, men and women. Britishers are next recalled,—Raikes, Chalmers, Guthrie ("The Liberator of Conscience"), Josephine Butler, Father Dolling ("Building the City of God"), John Howard. "Heroes in Fields Afar" surveys the labors of men and women in all the mission fields. Baedeker is called "The Wesley of Russia." "An Epic of the Ivory Coast" reviews the work of the prophet Harris. "Light and Love in Labrador" is the story of Dr. Grenfell. "Sowing Seed in Celestial Hearts" reveals the translation work of Alexander Kenmure.

These happy chapter titles give a hint of the readable and informing character of the contents. It is old material in a new and pleasing garb.

Indians of South America and the Gospel (The), by Alexander Rattray Hay. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 167 pages, illustrated. $1.75.

Mr. Hay, of the Inland South America Missionary Union, has pioneered among the Indians of South America, and from his own experience and that of others has assembled information about the Indians, their manners and customs and need of the gospel; also the results of such effort as has been made among them. The photos of Christian Indians are encouraging.

The problem is vast. This book should move the reader to sympathy and intercession.

Kenya, Our Newest Colony, by J. A. Wray. Marshall Bros., London. 112 pages. 2/-.

A short but interesting account of the missionary service of a worker in British East Africa. The author describes the planting of the work, and follows its steady development through 30 years to the time when he was compelled by failing health to leave the field.—F. L. D.

Roads to the City of God: A World Outlook from Jerusalem, by Basil Matthews. Doubleday, Doran and Co., Garden City, N. Y. 117 pages. $1.

An interpretation of the findings of the Jerusalem Council by a gifted writer. The changed world situation is visualized, and the pronouncements of the Council on the several problems now facing missionary effort are set forth and lucidly explained.

Under the North Star: A Course on Alaska for Junior Boys and Girls, by Katherine E. Gladfelter. Friendship Press, New York. 135 pages. 75 cents.

We have reviewed in previous issues several earlier missionary books like this. The idea is to base instruction on stories, using each story as the kernel of a session. Directions are given for conducting the sessions, including discussion, handwork, music, and other features as well as worship.

Women of Assam, by E. Elizabeth Vickland. Judson Press, Philadelphia. 179 pages, illustrated. $1.50 net.

A friendly introduction to the women of the upper classes in Assam, both Hindu and Muslim, by a missionary who loves and understands them, and enjoys their confidence and love in return. "Love at First Sight" is the first chapter, and sets the tone for the descriptions that follow of Assamese women in the contacts and habits of everyday life. The narrative swings along like a personal letter.

There are 15 full-page illustrations from photos, each of which leads you to pause and examine it, they are so good.

Various Themes.

Bunyan (The Life and Writings of John), by Harold E. B. Speight. Harper and Brothers, New York. Facsimiles of old prints. $2.

Mr. Speight's study will prove worthy of a place alongside the many others of its type that have been published this tercentenary year. It has points that will be helpful to every Bunyan student.

It is comprehensive. It begins with Bunyan's background in history and geography. It reviews the temporal and spiritual struggles of Bunyan. It characterizes his writings, with extensive quotations that give a fair grasp of their contents. It feels for the motive of the great allegory, which the author finds in Bunyan's effort to conceal his message during an age of persecution in metaphors and parables, comparable with the books of Daniel and Revelation, he says. It appraises at high value Bunyan's genius. And it assesses certain convictions and values that Bunyan gave to Christian faith and order, a prophetic courage, a searching call to steadfastness and loyalty even in the face of persecution.

The book is evidently the fruit of keen, thoughtful personal study of Bunyan's life and writings, not just an echo of other men's ideas.

Cosmology: A Text for Colleges, by J. A. McWilliams. Macmillan Co., New York. 243 pages. $2.50.

A book out of the ordinary run, not so much from its subject—though cosmology is not a theme often written on,—as from the neo-scholastic form in which the material is presented under theses, majors and minors, parts, difficulties, and replies. It is as though the reader were listening to one of the old Schoolmen, but brought up to date.

Cosmology is a study of the material universe, according to the Introduction, but in

this definition there is an unjustifiable assumption that realism and not idealism is the true cosmic philosophy. Be that as it may, —for neither view can be absolutely proved, and neither invalidates a theistic proof,— Father McWilliams, a member of the Society of Jesus, has brought a great deal of learning to bear on such themes as space and time, relativity, teleology, evolution, monism, miracles, et cetera. There is a somewhat musty odor of sanctity to the cast of the arguments, yet many points are acutely made, and the book is a valuable contribution to the philosophical overhauling of the clamant "science" of the times. A strong line of argument is taken against determinism, and the upshot of the discussions in this difficult yet instructive volume will be to reinforce the faith of intelligent readers in the plan and purpose of the Almighty in making so rich and complex a world, with man competent to go to work in it as a reverent explorer, and with a divine guarantee that the creature, if right-minded, can think many of the thoughts of the creator after him. Some speculations are also introduced as to "rational animals" in other parts of the "material universe."

The whole discussion is broadening and uplifting. A brief but helpful Bibliography is added, containing references to Roman Catholic philosophers not generally known by the public.—C. A. S. D.

Is Our Christianity A Failure? by John R. Clark Hall. Marshall Bros., London. 170 pages.

The writer points out the failure of Roman Catholicism, and of Protestantism, especially in its high and low church forms in England. He does not overlook the failures of modernism and hedonism. Neither philosophers nor satirists from Juvenal to Bernard Shaw have made any great dent in the morals of the world. The failure of Christianity has been partial, but not such a total failure as these other makeshifts.

Wherever basic Christianity—the Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour of the world, not only from the consequences of sin but also from its power and domination,—is applied and found in action, there is no question of failure. Few suggest that Christ was or is a failure, or that Christlike persons are failures.

The inquiry becomes most profitable if it leads one to reflect seriously on the question, Is my Christianity a failure?—T. C.

Keswick Week 1928. W. P. Blessing Co., Chicago. 122 pages, double column.

For 53 years the Keswick convention has attracted thousands of believers to the Lake country in England to spend a few days in the consideration of the deeper Christian life and in inspiring fellowship. This book reports the addresses of the last convention.

There are 23 reports. Of the speakers, Dr. F. B. Meyer, Dr. J. Stuart Holden, Dr. Charles Inwood, and Rev. J. Russell Howden are the best known in this country. This is a good chance to get acquainted with the newer Keswick speakers.

It is a volume of rare insight and help in the spiritual life. There is nothing that parallels it in America.

Old Faith and New Knowledge, by James H. Snowden. Harper and Brothers, New York. 279 pages. $2.50.

This book had its birth in the present controversy between Modernism and Fundamentalism. Its thesis is to show how Modernism is inevitable in every age. By Modernism is meant "bringing religion up to date and abreast of all revelation and knowledge and experience." This definition is doubtless sound in a way, but in the present controversy the word has the restricted meaning of that specific attempt to eliminate the supernatural from Bible history. Anybody can be a Modernist in Dr. Snowden's definition. In the same way a Fundamentalist is defined as one who asserts his faith in the fundamental truths of Christianity, so anybody can be a Fundamentalist. This confusion of terms and a general recklessness in his quotations that are frequently misleading constitute the grave defects of the book.

Dr. Snowden carries his reader through the centuries. The outstanding men pass before him, each revealing "the spirit of Modernism" as the author defines it.

In his treatment of the New Testament he says: "No revolutionary changes have resulted from the critical study of this part of the Bible." This is surprising, for he must know the fierce attacks on the authenticity of New Testament writings. He ridicules those who contend for the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch.

He sums up in a popular way the evidences in favor of evolution, but fails to hint at the serious difficulties under which the hypothesis labors.—S. C. H.

Quest of Religion (The), by Charles E. Raven. Doubleday, Doran, and Co., Garden City, N. Y. 140 pages. $1.50.

"Of course the book is a poor thing, chiefly because its theme is too big for me; partly, too, because in trying to be brief I have only

succeeded in being scrappy." This is the judgment of the author himself upon his own production. He has written it in a letter to his friend, the Rev. Hugh Martin, which is used as an Introduction to the book.

Making due allowance for Canon Raven's o'er-modest self-depreciation, his judgment will, we believe, be sustained by not a few of his readers. At least it will be as to its second part. For the brevity with which the high (and deep) themes are treated will leave the student who realizes the implications involved only tantalized by the incompleteness, while the less informed reader is likely to be left somewhat puzzled. And by this your reviewer means to express his regret that the book is not longer, the discussion fuller. For it is a most Christian little book. It is another indication of the return to theology which is getting to be characteristic of our present day literature.

Its great central theme is Jesus. It discusses his relation to God and to man, man's knowledge of God, and the subject of eternal life. One of the best things in it is the Appendix, which consists of a discussion of Science and Religion and contains a telling attack on the fallacious and superficial pseudo-science presented by Doctors Watson and Dorsey of this country.—W. O. S.

Year's Bible Course (A), by Charles H. Morgan. Oxford University Press, American Branch, New York City. 144 pages.

A most practicable and profitable course, containing 52 brief lessons, which appear in seven courses as follows: Eight Leading Bible Books; Dispensations and Covenants; Types, Symbols, Mysteries, Kingdom Parables and Cryptic Books; Christ in the Scriptures; Prophecy; Personal Divine Life; and Main Bible Doctrines. Obviously the whole circle of Scriptural teaching is glanced at in these several courses.

Usually there are two pages to each lesson. Charts and lists and maps are frequent. Ten questions are set on each lesson, also 25 questions on each course, and 50 questions on the whole book.

The matter is presented in outline and brief paragraphs. The lessons are based on the helps in the Scofield Reference Bible. We can see how the course will do for individual study, for class use, for the prayer meeting, and similar groups. Any one who masters the course will know a lot about the contents of the Bible.

Southern Baptist Handbook, 1927-8. Baptist Sunday School Board, Nashville, Tenn. 557 pages.

In addition to 300 pages giving a detailed survey of Southern Baptist work in 1927, this book devotes 260 pages to a record of ten years' work. Every form of activity gets mention, and it is a remarkable record.

The Sound of Marching—Bestir Thyself! by Rev. J. R. Alexander, American Mission, Cairo, Egypt. 80 pages.

A statement of the work of the American mission among the Muslims of Egypt from pioneer days (1854) down to the present. In the early years conditions in Egypt, political and religious, were most discouraging and unpromising, but missionaries learned the language, scattered the Arabic Bible, opened schools and hospitals, and prosecuted other forms of work, with the gain of a few converts. Periods of opposition and persecution sometimes intervened. With the British occupation in 1882 matters improved somewhat.

Today the attitude of Muslims has changed. They seek to learn of Jesus and his teachings. Scores of individual cases of conversion, Christian education, etc., are noted. All in all the book shows that great progress has been made in Muslim evangelization. The Egyptian church is giving a strong testimony. But doors are opening as never before, and the great work of the church and mission is only beginning.

AMONG NEW BOOKS.

Awaking Sermons, by J. Wilbur Chapman. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 186 pages. $1.75.

Biblical Allusions in Poe, by W. M. Forrest. Macmillan Co., New York. 208 pages. $2.50.

Black Treasure, by Basil Mathews. Friendship Press, New York. 114 pages. 50 and 75 cents.

Call Drum (The), by Mary Enwistle and Elizabeth Harris. Friendship Press. 138 pages. 75 cents.

Carolina's Toy Shop, by Rebecca Rice. L. C. Page and Co., Boston, Mass. 260 pages, illustrated. $1.75.

Confessions of a Puzzled Parson, by Charles Fiske. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 273 pages. $2.

Credentials of the Church (The), by Ozora S. Davis. Macmillan. 115 pages. $1.25.

Danger Ahead, by Ralph Henry Barbour. Revell. 265 pages. $2.

Face of Christ (The), by John MacBeath. Marshall Brothers. 188 pages. 3/6.

Fun with Paper Folding, by William D. Murray and Francis J. Rigney. Revell. 95 pages, illustrated. $2.

Glorious Company of the Apostles (The), by Tracy D. Migatt and Frances Witherspoon. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York. 343 pages, illustrated. $3.

"God Spake All These Words," by James H. Brookes. Bible Institute Colportage Association, Chicago. 96 pages.

Gospel of the Kingdom (The), by Philip Mauro. Hamilton Bros., Boston, Mass. 258 pages. $2.

How to Become A Christian, by Walter Miller Thornton. Revell. 58 pages.

John Vivian of Virginia, by Hulbert Fuller Page. 377 pages, illustrated. $2.

Jolly Book of New Games, by Wallace D. Vincent. Revell. 158 pages. $1.50.

Lesson Commentary for 1929 (The). United Lutheran Publishing House, Philadelphia. 316 pages. $1.75.

Meet Your United States, by Mary Jenness. Friendship Press. 168 pages. 60 cents and $1.

Reinspecting Victorian Religion, by Gaius Glenn Atkins. Macmillan. 151 pages. $1.75.

Sons of Africa, by Georgina A. Gollock. Friendship Press. 241 pages. $1.50.

Soul of the Bantu (The), by W. C. Willoughby. Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York. 476 pages. $5.

Spirit of Wisdom, Love and Power (The), by Paul B. Bull. Macmillan. 152 pages.

Straight Answers to Life Questions, by Copeland Smith. Willett, Clark and Colby, Chicago. 177 pages. $1.50.

Wife of Pontius Pilate (The), by Agnes Sligh Turnbull. Revell. 60 pages.

Any book acknowledged, reviewed, or advertised in this magazine will be forwarded postpaid by the publishers of the RECORD OF CHRISTIAN WORK upon receipt of the advertised price. Remit by check postal or express order.